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SPEAIGHT.

157, New Bond Street, W.

MRS. CHARLES SEELY AND HER DAUGHTERS.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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With this issue of COUNTRY LIFE we are giving away a copy of THE GARDEN; but our readers ought to remember that the two can be posted on-y as separate newspapers.

POLITICS AS A CAREER.

JUST now it is impossible to avoid the contagion of election fever; politics are in the air, and escape from them we cannot. In country houses at the present moment electioneering is the chief subject of conversation, as, indeed, it is the daily occupation of a great many people. The country differs from the town in this respect, that the candidate for an urban constituency is bound to be content with seeing those whom he hopes to make his constituents in the mass; there may be canvassing from door to door, but it is conducted mostly by his voluntary helpers. In the country more difficulty is experienced in bringing large numbers of men together, and so the candidate is obliged to make many journeys that at this season of the year are not altogether as pleasant as they might be. These difficulties are accentuated to such a degree in the Northern Islands that a thoughtful Government has provided an extra fortnight during which candidates at Ultima Thule may have an opportunity of journeying by land or sea to the outlying voters. Many stories used to be current of the difficulty experienced there even after the election was over, in counting the votes, as it is far from uncommon for a vessel to be obliged to take refuge in some quiet anchorage during one of the frequent storms, and those on land must perforce wait till the weather is propitious before they can ascertain the final result. Politics used to run high among the islanders; it was, we believe, in the famous election of 1880 that a candidate, whom his admirers were dragging along in his carriage, encountered a band of emissaries of the opposing party, with the result that he himself and the vehicle in which he was being driven were cast into an arm of the sea near Kirkwall; still, if we mistake not, he succeeded in winning a seat, despite this mishap. The means of communication have been considerably improved since the year 1880, and it may be hoped that no serious delay will be encountered this year. In a smaller degree, the would-be member for a county has to meet with the same difficulties. He learns in the course of an election how many places there are in England practically out of reach of a railway system. Probably, at the General Election this year, this will not be felt nearly so much as heretofore, because that modern contrivance, the motor-car, will enable the candidate to go where he wishes, independently of the railway companies. It will be interesting to watch what effect it will have on politics, for there can be no doubt whatever

that the motor-car has produced very considerable changes in the rural districts. There used to be numbers of sleepy villages, where people pursued their tasks serenely and quietly from year's end to year's end, scarcely ever seeing more than the wandering cyclist gliding through the towns or at the most stopping for a moment at the inn to partake of some humble refreshment. But the motor-car, whatever may be its other merits or demerits, has had, at any rate, the effect of waking up the Rip Van Winkles of rural England. Perhaps the result is not altogether advantageous; the sleepy village of old time, before intruders had found it out, was a very pleasant place in which to linger for a while, and even the very atmosphere seemed to be made for reflection. Slowly did the agricultural labourers go about their tasks. More slowly and more leisurely still did the little tradesmen of the village attend to their duties; nothing seemed to be in more of a hurry than was the wide sluggish stream that belongs to the very character of English landscapes. But the motor-car has carried to these tranquil regions some of the unrest of the city from which it emanates.

One thing of which we may be certain is that the General Election now pending will be conducted in a more peaceable manner than was common some sixty years ago. Why, it is not difficult to say. The manners of the most remote country people have changed very much since the day when Leech drew his cartoon for *Punch* with a legend to the effect that the miner said, "Ere's a stranger; let's 'eave a brick at him." That was quite literally what used to happen; it was almost a proverbial saying that, in a well-known Border village, as soon as a stranger made his appearance at the end of a certain street, the villagers all assembled to "out" him with "aik stick and bull pup." Rudeness was common, and proceedings very frequently ended with direct assault. At election times, when the people were excited, these characteristics became greatly accentuated, and there was seldom a contest without a riot. A veteran who was present at one of these scenes described it to the writer. A candidate was holding forth on the question of the day as it struck a contemporary sixty or seventy years ago, when in the crowd round the hustings was one of the opposite party, who kept crying "Question! question!" at every pause in the orator's voice. It was most annoying, and the speaker, at last, losing his temper, cried "Damn your question!" and flung a hunting crop which he carried in his hand at the too energetic interrupter. Of course one party wished to bring back the crop to its owner, and the other wished to secure it for the purpose of destruction. From this simple cause arose one of the wildest riots ever known in that part of the country. Those were the days when it was usual for the mischievous youths of the time to lay in a store of rotten eggs and similar missiles with which they pelted their adversaries, but it should not be forgotten that we have not quite given up using such missiles. In the life of Lord Randolph Churchill, which is reviewed in another part of the paper, an account is given of the terrific riots which followed Lord Randolph's visit to Birmingham. In it not only sticks, but chairs and other heavy articles of furniture, were used for the purpose of belabouring the heads of the opponents.

The General Election of 1880 was greatly distinguished for its rough play, especially in Scotland, where the Conservative candidates were in two or three cases badly mauled. We do not think there is much likelihood of these rebellious manners being exhibited in the year 1906. Even our country people have become comparatively refined, and at any rate they are not so greatly roused as they were when the voters felt the rival magnetism of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. Questions that excited interest in those times seem to have lost their vitality, and there are not many questions of the day over which the average voter is likely to lose his head. Perhaps that is in some measure due to the influence of Mr. Balfour, who, as will be admitted alike by his friends and foes, is almost femininely gentle in his methods. But we do not know that the field of politics as a career has improved much under all this refining influence. Such books as that by Mr. Winston Churchill, just published, or Mr. John Morley's biography of Mr. Gladstone seem to take away the romance from statesmanship. Look on whatever side you may, the tale seems invariably one of contention and intrigue. The calling of the politician differs from that of the writer, the painter, or the artist chiefly because the former must rub shoulders with all classes of his fellow-men. The writer can do his work in his room, the politician has to do it in the street; and the fastidious mind, we think, will prefer the former.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Charles Seely and two of her children. Mrs. Seely is a daughter of Mr. Richard Grant, and her husband has been member for Lincoln since 1895.

a.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

AN unusually thoughtful article appeared in *The Times* the other day on the much-discussed question of the declining birth-rate, a question that has not yet received the attention it deserves, although we are not unmindful of what President Roosevelt and others have said on the subject. But the facts remind us of a speech once made by the late Lord Salisbury, in which he said that the Latin races were the decaying races. He was thinking especially at the time of Spain, which had just shown up very badly in the war with the United States. If we take the evidence of the birth-rate, however, we are compelled to conclude that the decaying races are the Western nations, for the malady, if it be a malady, is showing its symptoms not only in Great Britain, but in Germany, Austria, the United States, and all those countries which have taken the lead in civilisation. The statisticians have been very busy clearing away all the obstacles in the way of sound comparisons and generalisation, and the result is a very disagreeable one. What the causes are still remain in doubt; it is true that the women of the luxurious classes avoid the responsibilities of maternity, and that the wider education and increased interests of women have some effect. But these reasons are not sufficient in themselves to account for so considerable a decay; there must be others if we could arrive at them.

Nor do we believe in the possibility of finding and applying a remedy. Politicians and philosophers may preach as they like, but the evil is done in private conversation. Mr. John Burns, the new President of the Local Government Board, expressed the opinion of his class when he derided the apprehensions caused by the decline of the birth-rate, and declared for quality rather than quantity. Unfortunately, as *The Times* writer points out, the smallness of a family is no guarantee whatever of its superior quality, so that the epigram of Mr. Burns conveys no solid or practical truth. It would appear that Nature plays with men as she does with the rest of her creatures, causing them at times to swarm forth in numbers that are countless, then for some inscrutable reason she dries up the sources of their vitality, and what was once common becomes scarce and rare. It would almost appear as though nations went through very much the same experience as individuals, and as the poet says, "we ripe and ripe and then . . . we rot and rot." Perhaps the time has come when the splendour of Western civilisation is doomed to the same fate that has overtaken the great civilisations of the past, like those of Egypt and Babylon, or Greece, all of which in turn have become food for "the little blades of grass and the little grains of sand."

One of the most instructive and to some extent amazing sources from which revenue is derived, is to be found in the death duties. Till this levy became a legal one, there were few who realised the very great number of rich people there are in this country. Up to the end of the year there had already been received close upon £10,000,000 from this source of revenue, and as the receipts between December and March 31st are generally above the average for the rest of the year, it seems to be no unsafe estimate to assume that they will amount to about £17,500,000

before the time comes for the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, whoever he may be, to deliver his Budget speech, though possibly the year will not yield half what it did in 1901-2, when £288,000,000 was charged with death duties. As illustrating the kind of trading that is now popular, it is worthy of note that these immense sums of money are, to the extent of almost a half, left in the shape of shares in limited liability companies. Since March 31st last about thirty estates of more than £150,000 in value have been bequeathed. In them are included the wills of four millionaires, Sir R. Jardine, Baron Grimthorpe, Mr. W. F. Cook, and Earl Cowper, while Mr. W. S. Salting approached the million very closely, and many of the fortunes were over a quarter of a million. Of course, these facts do not lend themselves to the formation of any definite generalisation, because it has become the custom for those who are conscious of the approach of death to transfer to their relatives portions of their estate while they are still alive.

Lord Kitchener has formed what seems to be a very practical and good plan for allowing soldiers in India the opportunity of having, at the end of a long period of service, six months' holiday in this country. The idea is to grant the privilege to well-conducted men who have extended their term of service. Each individual will be charged £20 for the trip, this to include all the expenses of the voyage; and it is considered that many will be able to take advantage of it, because the rate of payment in India is a high one, and the opportunities for spending money are comparatively few. The further effect of this will probably be to render service in India much more popular and attractive.

MOTHER NIGHT.

Unloose the cloudy mantle
That wraps thy sweetness round,
And in its folds of shadow
Let me be softly wound:
And clasp me to thy bosom,
That so thine eyes' deep light
May stream unseen above me,
Mother Night!

Thine arms about my shoulders,
Thy fingers in my hair,
Dismiss the gaudy pageant,
The day's dull noise and glare:
For thou alone art real,
And thou alone canst right
The wrongs of all the weary,
Mother Night!

And here from every evil
Abides the resting-place,
The ever-ready solace,
The ever-true embrace:
With keys of dream, O dearest,
Unlock the world's delight,
Hide me in heavenly secrets,
Mother Night!

MAY BYRON.

As we have said in another column, the subject of forestry keeps cropping up in the morning papers, showing that considerable interest has been aroused in it. It is greatly to be desired, however, that those who write should give us some particulars of the business aspect. After all, it would be unreasonable to expect either private landowners or the State to invest capital in timber-growing, unless with the clear prospect of obtaining some adequate return. What is generally conceded is that timber is not the most profitable crop on good land. On poor land, moorland, hill country, and the like, the doubt in the minds of landowners is as to whether a saleable quality of timber can be produced. Perhaps those who have tried might give us the benefit of their experience, which would be extremely helpful to those who have waste land at their disposal.

Often in these columns we have advocated the use of canals, particularly for the conveyance of such agricultural produce as need not be transported in a hurry. We have therefore some reason for looking forward with hope to the result of the experiment now being tried with the Thornycroft motor-boat. This vessel is fitted with power-gas plant, and it has been decided to test its usefulness on several canals. The experiments will be conducted for some four months, and the route to be followed is from London to Birmingham, by Uxbridge, Tring, Leighton Buzzard, Birmingham to Ellesmere Port, thence to Manchester, through Manchester to Preston Brook, and on to Middlewich and Fradley, from Fradley to Fazeley, Nuneaton, and Hawkesbury, and from Hawkesbury back to London by

Rugby, Banbury, and Oxford. If the experiment is successful, it will, of course, do away with the old towing horse, and no doubt it will bring the ancient disused waterways into useful life again. Ultimately transport ought to be much cheapened in country districts.

From all accounts, it would appear that the Chinese are in the way of taking a lesson from the example set them by their neighbours. Some time ago we drew attention to the new spirit that is prevailing in a number of the towns; and now it would appear that this same new spirit is finding direct expression in, among other places, the army, which is being remodelled, drilled, and made efficient after the Japanese model. It seems as though the East were awakening to a new life. It has practically mastered all the inventions which for so long kept Western civilisation ahead of it. The Japanese army was not only as fully, but as scientifically, equipped as any European army could have been; and if the Chinese army is to be brought, as it seems it will be, to anything like the same state of efficiency, the problem of the Far East will undergo a complete transformation.

A question that often arises in one's mind is how this generation compares with those which have preceded it in the matter of charity. Those who have a constant inclination to vilipend their contemporaries are not found to admit very readily that the pious and good of the present time are as numerous and generous as ever they were in the history of Great Britain. It is difficult to substantiate a statement like this by means of facts, as it must be, to a large extent, a matter of opinion. Yet there are figures which bear out the reasonableness of the proposition. For example, the bequests for charitable and religious purposes in the United Kingdom are probably greater now than they ever were before. Last year it is computed that about £2,250,000 was bequeathed for charitable and religious purposes. In no fewer than fifty wills there were charitable bequests of £10,000 and upwards, and five of these were each for £100,000. Bequests for religious purposes are given mostly to the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Bible Society, the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and the Wesleyan and Baptist Missions. Amongst the remarkable bequests of last year was that of Mr. A. Roberts of Clent, who left £30,000 to missions; Mr. Feeny, proprietor of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, is said to have left £90,000 to Birmingham; Sir J. Willox of the *Liverpool Courier* left £10,000 to five London hospitals, and to the Newspaper Press Fund £10,000. Mr. J. Innes, Lord of the Manor of Merton, left last year more than £200,000 for the benefit of Merton. It is a long and a noble list.

The extraordinary mildness of the winter, so far as it has gone, is producing its usual and natural result in inciting the birds to an early pairing and a general interest in the neighbourhood of their customary nesting-places, which is likely to occasion them much disappointment later. Blackbirds and robins were going about in pairs in the Southern Counties for a week or two before the end of the year, and it is likely enough that some of the robins may have already begun their nesting. The blue tits have been examining the holes in the trees and walls which were their nesting-places last year, and all the birds that nest in the early spring appear to be suffering under the delusion that the winter is over. Their little mistake will no doubt be found out in time, but, unfortunately, the floral things which are putting up prematurely their shoots from the warm shelter of the earth are very sure to be nipped back, and to suffer for their pleasant illusion.

A case tried at Marylebone County Court the other day ought to direct attention to a considerable danger. The plaintiff was a male nurse, who had gone into a barber's shop to get shaved, and found his skin began afterwards to develop symptoms of the disease known as "barber's rash." The judge found his complaint to be reasonable, and fined the offending barber £15. But what we should like to point out is the absence of hygienic regulations in regard to these places. In the United States, and many other places abroad, much more attention is paid to sanitary principles than in the average barber's shop in Great Britain, yet surely as much care ought to be exercised in regulating them hygienically as in regulating dairies, and other places in which food is produced. The barbers themselves would find it ultimately to their advantage to let the public know that the greatest care was taken to obviate any possible infection. The remedies are quite simple, and could be applied without any additional expense; and even if they cost something, most people would very willingly pay a little more for the satisfaction of knowing that the risk was reduced to a minimum.

A statement which has appeared in one of the newspapers to the effect that coal tends to go down in value and to become cheaper will be received with some degree of scepticism. At any rate, the *prima facie* view would seem to show that the exact contrary to this is likely to happen. At no recent time have the ship-building yards, and consequently the ironworks, been so full of orders as they are at the present moment. This means a very great increase of work in the mines, and we expect to hear very shortly that the pitmen have been launched into one of their periods of exceptional activity. Obviously when coal is much needed for manufactures it must tend to become dearer to the public. Consumers, however, will consent to that with a good grace, provided it be known that the cause of the rise in prices lies in a renewed commercial activity. Probably enough the revival of trade may be slightly delayed until the work of the General Election is finished, that is to say, roughly speaking, until about the middle of February. But the indications all seem to point to a period of prosperity similar to that which followed the conclusion of the war between France and Germany in 1871.

RONDEAU.

When next we meet will you be gay
And laughing? Under what you say
Shall I detect a glad surprise,
A sudden softening in the eyes,
The gesture of a sweet dismay?
Your people will be there, and they
Will watch for signs that will betray
The pleasures that we can't disguise
When next we meet.

So, Love, be circumspect, I pray,
And greet me in a casual way,
Yet not too casual; oh, be wise,
Feign earth, though you're in Paradise.
Dear! how I dream of that near day,
When next we meet.

C. R. STONE.

Lovers of old houses and old furniture will experience a considerable amount of regret at the destruction by fire of Balderton House, Shropshire. It was a fine old Elizabethan mansion, belonging to Mr. Frank Bibby, and inhabited by a well-known Shropshire agriculturist—Mr. Parker. Fortunately, the residents escaped without hurt, although in their night-dresses; but it is melancholy to reflect how many of the most beautiful houses in England have been destroyed by accident. Fire has accounted for some, and it would be difficult to estimate the number destroyed in the great storm of 1703. Of many of those which are gone no record whatever remains of the exquisite architecture and other work which they presented. The reflection is one that lends dignity to the work done by *COUNTRY LIFE* in illustrating the finest of our old mansions. Whatever may happen to them—and we trust that all who have the good fortune to own such treasures as these will learn by the sad experience of others to bestow the greatest care on their preservation and protection from fire—the pictures, on which our photographic artist is accustomed to bestow such unending pains, will at least help to show posterity what might otherwise have been consigned to the depths of oblivion. If the houses which have appeared in our pages were utterly destroyed, there would still remain this permanent record of what they had been. It is, no doubt, only a substitute for the real thing, but if such pictures had been possible three hundred years ago, of what immense value they would have been in helping us to reconstruct the country life of our forefathers.

In these days of quick and cheap commercial intercourse the chain of cause and effect is drawn all round the world so as to lead to results that sometimes are more than a little astonishing. The life of a French fisherman is so remote, both in distance and in circumstances, from the scenes of the recent war in the Far East, that it may well strike him as passing strange that any of its events could produce a sensible effect upon his fortunes; but it seems more than likely that this may be the case. It appears that during the war a great demand arose for canned sardines and other fish for the Japanese Army in the field, and in order to supply the demand many fisheries and canning factories were established in Japan, which, now that that special temporary demand has passed, are trying to find other markets for their produce. Naturally the canned fish, and the sardines especially, will compete with those which other nations are supplying, with the probable result that the price of the sardines in tins will be lowered, and thus one of the main industries, although always rather a precarious one, of many of the fisher-folk of France will command a lower return than it has done in the past.

WINDMILLS.

MR. DAVID BALFOUR, by the mouth of his sympathetic biographer, Robert Louis Stevenson, says as follows: "About nine in the morning, in a burst of wintry sun between two squalls of hail, I had my first look of Holland—a line of windmills birling in the breeze. It was, besides, my first knowledge of these daft-like contrivances, which gave me a near sense of foreign travel and a new world and life."

This, as it seems, was in 1752. It is perhaps a little hard to say whether windmills have increased or have decreased in number in Britain generally of late years. No one, so far as is known to the present writer, has taken and kept a census of windmills; but it is evident that they must have been uncommon objects, to say the least, in the Scottish Lowlands or Highlands—for Mr. David Balfour had some little knowledge of both, and Stevenson was careful in detail (he had not the magnificent carelessness of the great Sir Walter)—in the middle of the eighteenth century; and it was a time when they must have been extremely common objects in parts, at all events, of England, for we well know that before the general use of steam wind-power was the chief agent in our Eastern Counties for all kinds of work for which steam-power is now employed, such as sawing wood and pumping water—the latter a very important function indeed in the Fen country, which, but for the wind pumps, would not have been country at all, but sea. You do not need to be a wizard to perceive why the windmills were so many in Holland and the Fens before steam was used. It was a choice between wind and water for driving power, and, as water does not go with much force or fall in a flat country, your "Hobson's choice" was wind. The percentage of the total work done by windmills at that time was, without doubt, very much larger than it is now; but the total work has so vastly increased that perhaps the natural force of the wind, which costs nothing, does about as much work for man in England as ever it did. At all events, there does not seem to be any danger of this, which is one of the most picturesque of artificial features in our landscapes, disappearing from it. Some of the windmills that we see are like ancient monuments and ruins, but others are of a spick-and-span newness and of most impressive spread of sail and general efficiency. To go into figures, which is a dull business, there are in Norfolk windmills with a sail stretch of 100ft. With a moderate wind these will work six pairs of stones of a diameter of $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft., and will grind thirty bushels of flour in the hour.

Of late years a very modern use has been found for these ancient contrivances. They are valuable engines for creating, or storing, or charging, or whatever the right word is, electrical power. No one minds saying that he does not know the right terms to use in speaking of electricity, because Lord Kelvin himself has said that he does not know what

electricity is; but he has advocated strongly the use of wind-power for electrical accumulators.

All this is one way of looking at windmills. The way in which the knight of the rueful countenance looked at them was quite another. Some commentator of Cervantes has expressed a doubt of the existence of windmills in Spain in Don Quixote's era. He need not have been so sceptical. There is evidence that windmills were in use even in England as early as the twelfth century, for there are documents bearing on disputes about tithes in which windmills are mentioned. One may rightly say "even in England" in this connection, because the windmill is generally admitted to have been introduced from the East, and England was very far remote from the East in early days of history. The Crusades made the connecting link. But



G. Aitchison.

CLEY WINDMILL.

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Spain was very near the East for such purposes as this, though with not much to choose between it and England in point of occidentation, for Spain actually was, in large measure, an Eastern country, owing to the occupation of the Moors. It would have been a very funny thing if there had been no windmills in Spain in the good days of Don Quixote de la Mancha. It is certain enough that there were.

And they did not appear to him in any dull guise of machines with a flour-grinding capacity of so many bushels an hour, nor capable of charging so many volts, or whatever they are, of electricity. This is how he saw them: "Look yonder, friend Sancho Panza," he says, as they journey over the plain of Montiel, and come in view of thirty or forty windmills (no less!), "and behold more than thirty monstrous giants with whom I intend to fight and put every soul of them to death, and with their spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war, and doing God good service to sweep them off the face of the earth."

Poor Sancho Panza, in his crawling common-sense way, argues with his master that these are things with sails which the wind turns, for the grinding of corn; but the knight, of course, knows better, is even rather contemptuous of the proportions of these giants, saying, with regard to their arms, that "some giants are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues. It is very plain,"



C. Breach. "THE OLD BLACK MILL" Copyright.

he adds, "that thou art not versed in the business of adventure." So he puts spurs to his lean Rozinante and charges them, lance in rest. It was by the malice of Providence, or of Cervantes, that at this moment a slight wind comes over the plain and makes the sails, which had been motionless, begin to revolve, at which the knight exclaims, "Aha, you shall pay for it, though you should have more arms than Briareus." Then, addressing a prayer to his lady Dulcinea, he transfixes the sail with his lance, full tilt, and is tilted over, with Rozinante, "in very evil plight," as we may well believe, on the plain. Sancho tells him no one could have taken them for anything but windmills, except one who had the like in his head; but Don Quixote says philosophically that it is all part and parcel of the mutations of war, and that the sage Freston, his enemy, has doubtless changed the giants into windmills in order to rob him of the reward of fame due to his gallantry in attacking them. What a number of Don Quixotes there are in the world still, going up and down with windmills in their heads and tilting at windmills, thinking they are giants; and what a dull affair life would be to them if they could not think so!

What a loss, too, our landscape painters' art would suffer if all the windmills were taken out of it. Who can reckon it? It is a loss that would not be restricted to the art and the landscape



M. C. Cottam,

AT RYE.

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W. Page.

A FEN LANDMARK.

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K. Gregor.

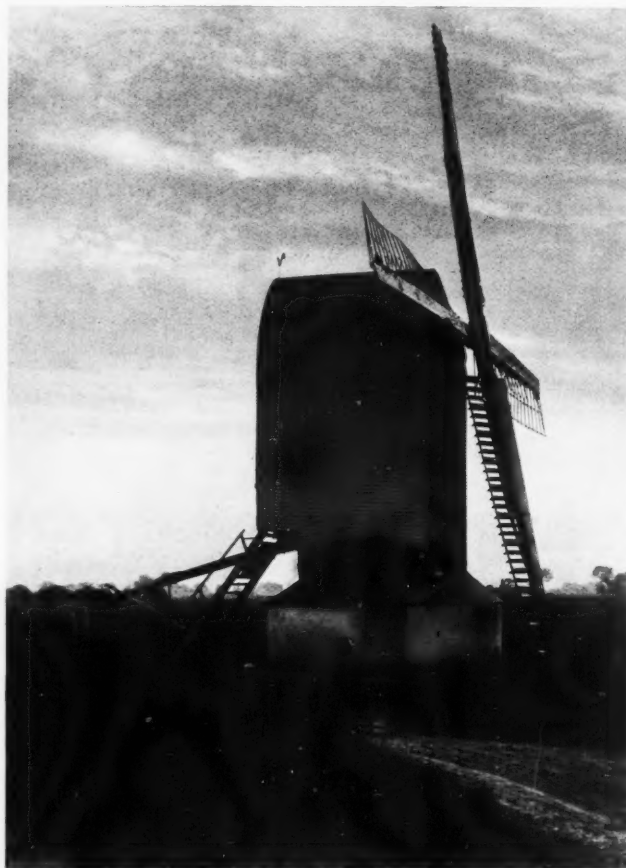
A DORDRECHT MILL: HOLLAND.

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of one country. It would even be felt heavily in many a seascape. The Dutch painters naturally have not been blind to the aspect of those "daft-like contrivances" which struck the eye of Mr. David Balfour so strangely. We seem to see many a round-bowed, broad-sterned vessel beating into port through the storm and murk with one of Don Quixote's giants on the wharf-head raising great arms aloft through the gloom. The more sternly respectable and spick-and-span new form of the windmill is not that which has been found most attractive by our own painters. The windmills of Gainsborough and of Turner are more of the tub-like, old-fashioned figure, and a pleasantly mossy flavour of decay is about them. It is easy enough, with much less fervid imagination than that of the Knight of the Sleeve, to find human expression in our windmills. There is hardly a more pathetic image of ruin than that of the windmill that has lost one or more of its sails. Leave it only with one, it is still a figure of by so much the more pathos in proportion to the losses of its only effective limbs. It is like Hope's broken lyre, with one string remaining yet. But take that one surviving sail away from it, and the transformation is as wonderfully complete as it is sudden. The thing has ceased to be a windmill; it has ceased to have any majesty or any pathos at all; it has become, instead, a kind of round-backed, crouched-up figure of fun; there is no dignity and no sentiment left to its appearance. It is curious. It is curious as showing how the forms of things

work suggestions in our minds. If a windmill that has lost one sail or more moves the feelings of compassion, surely the windmill that has lost every sail ought to move the same feelings only the more profoundly; instead of which, the figure of the thing by that final mutilation has become, all at once, ridiculous, and

we only laugh at its deformity, even as the people in Tolstoy's dreadful story laughed at the dancing of the grotesque and deformed dwarfs. It is almost a shock to find that the appeal to one's emotion depends on such merely outward insignificant suggestions, and that the emotions have no more reason and decency in their response and manifestation. Perhaps the loss of landscape painting if all its windmills were gone would be equalled by the loss of literature if all its millers went. In literature the typical quality of the miller is jollity, and within the limited experience of the present writer there is much correctness in the type. The specimens that he has observed conform with it. But one is apt, in these discussions, to flounder in the error of generalising from too few particulars. There may be millers of as rueful mood and countenance as even the gallant knight who tilted at the mills, but the chroniclers of mills and millers do not seem to have fallen in with them. The miller is always the "jolly miller," and the mariner the "jolly mariner"; and this is rather a coincidence, when one comes to consider it, for it so happens that both millers and mariners follow a profession of which one of the chief affairs is to set a sail, and then, having set it, to let



W. Selfe.

ON ROMNEY MARSH.

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the winds of heaven do all the hard work for them. Surely either of these is a trade that would rightly dispose a man to jollity. He may indulge himself in the idea, quite justly, that he is getting through a lot of good work, grinding a lot of good corn, or conveying the flour over many a mile of sea, and all the while may be standing or sitting, smoking and chaffing, exchanging what are significantly called "Joe Millers" (short, perhaps, for jolly millers) with a friend. We, who are not apprenticed to the trades, do not see these fellows in their hours (or, perhaps, minutes) of real work, setting the sails, arranging the cargo, either of ship or mill. Perhaps then they are not always so jolly. The miller has the advantage of the mariner in this respect, that his mill will always set itself to catch the breeze as it wants it. It is like a ship always going before a trade wind. What a life the prospect suggests! One would not need to be a Mark Tapley to be jolly in it.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

CONCERNING SNIPE.

IN many parts of the South of England, and especially in East Sussex, snipe have again been numerous this winter. Last year on Pevensey Marshes these birds were not only plentiful, but of quite remarkable size and fatness. The marsh farmers declared—and I can corroborate them—that not for years had snipe been shot in such splendid condition. The winter of 1904-5 was, like the present season, a mild and open one. It was noticeable that in the early part of that winter the East Sussex marshes were, for these normally wet levels, much drier than usual. Whether this fact had anything to do with the abnormal size and weight of the snipe of 1904-5 it is hard to say. Probably the fact was that there was little frost, and that they were enabled to feed steadily, without having to shift their ground for a long period. As everyone acquainted with the habits of these birds is aware, snipe migrate freely, and if driven by hard frost from one locality, they will quickly pass on to another where feeding-grounds are less bound in the fetters of frost. For the last month and more our East Sussex snipe have been plentiful and in excellent condition, though not so inordinately plump and big as last year.

It is remarkable, by the way, how rapidly these birds put on flesh after a sharp spell of frost. The thaw frees large areas of those muddy and boggy places which are the natural feeding-grounds of this bird. The worms come up to the surface of the earth again, after being driven below by frost, and snipe, feasting ravenously on the richest of fare, quickly cover their small bodies with flesh and fat. Then is the time to shoot them in their prime condition. No creature in the world is more conservative or more attached to a particular locality than this bird. As every snipe-shooter is aware, year after year our dodgy little long-billed friend is to be found in exactly the same favourite patch or corner of bog or marsh which he or his forbears have haunted during unnumbered generations. The observant gunner—especially when these birds are wild and get up, as they often will do, in bunches well out of shot—saves much time and picks up many a snipe by making his way cautiously to those favoured spots where, season after season, often day after day, a couple or so of these birds are almost sure to be found; and the man who studies weather, and is aware of the approach of storms and unsettled atmospheric conditions, well knows that at such a time he will find these birds lying well, having laid in a heavy supply of food in anticipation of the change. With a rapidly-falling barometer it is always a good time to go out and shoot snipe.

THE SNIPE AS SURGEON.

It has long been asserted that snipe, as well as some other birds, are capable of dressing serious hurts, such as a broken leg or a shot wound, after being injured. The question has often been debated, but at present it must be confessed the proofs have not been so clear or so numerous as to convince the sceptical. In the year 1889, before the Physical Society of Geneva, M. Fatio set forth the results of his observations on the surgical treatment of wounds by birds. He stated that the snipe in particular had been known to repair its own wounds, that with its bill and feathers it made a very creditable dressing, and could even secure a broken limb. M. Fatio declared

that he had killed a snipe which had administered to its wounded breast a dressing composed of down fixed to the body by coagulated blood. This case seems to me not so convincing as some of the other examples mentioned. Anyone who has picked up dead or wounded birds some hours after they have been shot, will have noticed occasionally a plaster of blood and feathers, which has evidently formed quite naturally. But M. Fatio had further evidences, since he had killed snipe having interwoven feathers strapped over a fractured limb. In one case he himself had wounded the bird, which he had not recovered till the following day. In this instance he found that both legs had been broken, and that the bird had applied to each dressings and a kind of splint. In performing this operation he asserted that the bird had managed to entangle some feathers round its bill, and had thus effectually prevented itself from taking food. In another instance, mentioned by M. Maquin at the same meeting, a snipe had forced its broken leg into something like its proper position, and had then applied a strong band



C. Metcalfe.

THE MILL AND ITS FOOD.

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of feathers and mosses. It was noticed also that a kind of ligature made from a flat-leaved grass had been wound round the limb in spiral fashion and fixed by means of a glue-like substance. If such statements as these are true, they are more than remarkable. This theory deserves to be followed up. If birds can execute such marvellous pieces of weaving and lining as the beautiful and innumerable nests we find in spring, there seems no sound reason why they should not be able to bind up a broken limb or apply a plaster to a wound. The question is do they do it? I have often heard vague rumours of this kind of surgery, but I must confess that neither in our own country nor abroad have I ever personally met with an instance of it. It would be interesting to know if readers of these pages have gathered any real and unimpeachable evidence upon this subject.

THE WILES OF THE HARE.

The other day, while out hunting, I saw a hare, towards the end of a hard chase, run into a yard. Thence she sprang on to a round-topped wall, about 4ft. 6in. high, ran along it for about 20yds., and then jumping into a

road, sped along for some 300yds. further before taking to the fields again. Hares are far cleverer than most people give them credit for, and in resource and cunning are, when hunted, not a whit inferior to the fox itself. In fact, the average hunted hare displays far more wiles and tricks than the average fox. Necessity compels her. The fox knows that he can generally get to ground somewhere, and usually not until he has been once or twice foiled in making his point does he begin to resort to stratagem, relying in the first

instance on his speed and stamina. A fox encumbered by a full meal and unable to run his best, must, of necessity, depend a good deal on his wits to throw off his pursuers, and dare not trust himself to a tail-on-end chase. But with the hare it is widely different. She has no snug earth to trust to; her home is always above ground, and for this reason Nature has taught her to resort to those wonderful shifts and expedients with which hare-hunters are familiar.

H. A. B.

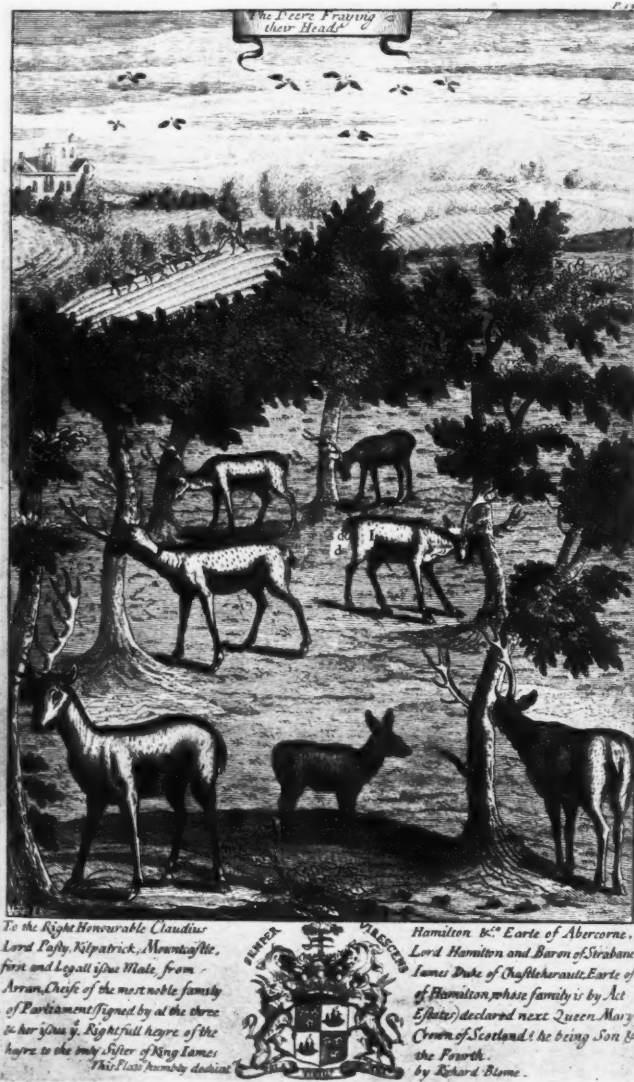
DEER-STALKING IN 1905

THE season of 1905 rises above the average in the history of Highland red-deer-stalking. Good heads were plentiful. On the other hand, every favourable picture in the terrestrial sphere having its converse, the weights of stags were light, almost a stone lighter in some forests than they ought to have been, by reason, no doubt, of the continued wet of the later summer, when the deer should have been putting on fat. Earlier, when the horn was growing, the weather was ideal. It is thus that we may reconcile the apparent discrepancy between the fine heads and the poor weights. Some of the stags were rather late in getting the velvet off their horns—"fraying their horns," as it is styled in a curious old print of the seventeenth century. At the time of writing the description of stag-hunting which that and some other illustrations here reproduced were intended to portray, it is evident that the red deer was regarded quite as a woodland animal in England, not as one having his habitat on the bare hill, however it may have been in Scotland, and the mode of compassing his death in a sportsmanlike way was by hunting with hounds—in a manner singularly like in essentials that which is still practised on Exmoor. The final blow was sometimes, perhaps generally, given by a gun, not a rifle, I believe (although rifling the barrel was of early invention), when the stag stood at bay; but it does not seem that stalking was at all the mode of the seventeenth century. For one thing, weapons were not of the precision and flat trajectory of a .256 Mannlicher. As a matter of personal experience, the season of 1905 had for me discrepancies that are not to be reconciled—except on the theory that Fortune is a feminine and fickle jade. It opened with most evil omen, and it is true that Fortune could not be held solely to blame. The day began well in its weather aspect; but as we rode towards the ground—perhaps a distance of ten miles or so before beginning to spy—the mist came down on the high ground. As ill fate would have it, the beat lay high—all above 2,000ft., and some of it a great deal higher. Spying of the greater part of the ground was impossible, and the vain attempt had to be given up. We were wet through; but that was an incident all in the day's work. On the way home, spying all ground below the mist, we saw a party of five stags. All had the horns clear of velvet, one was a fair deer, and we made after them. The stalk was down the face of a steep hill, with cover from the deer obtained by making the best of a dry burn bed. It was stony, and we had to go delicately to avoid making a rattle of falling stones. When we had come down just opposite the spot where we supposed the stags to be, and dead to leeward, we took advantage of a rise to peer over and prospect—at first, with no result. But presently, in an agitated whisper, my stalker said, "I see their horns, behind yon rock." "Yon rock" was a vast boulder, and it was not more than thirty paces from us. Presently, from behind its cover, came first one stag. "Not that one," said the stalker, warningly, in a whisper; and the same as

to the next two. The "shootable" stag came fourth. "Him!" the stalker exclaimed. Now, that stag was broadside on; he was standing still; he had seen us, and was looking his hardest to make out what we were; but he never moved as I pressed trigger. I had a perfect rest. He was not more than 45yds. off, and—he went off with the rest like a flash as soon as I had fired. I was so petrified that I could not have fired again, even had the chance been given. I supposed him shot through the heart, expecting every moment to see him fall. "What!" I said to the stalker, "I *couldn't* have missed him." By way of laconic and sad answer the stalker put his finger on a grey granite stone about as large as a cricket ball that had lain in the grass not a foot before the rifle's muzzle. I had taken my sight clean and well over this, but the muzzle was an inch or more (the rifle was a .256 Mannlicher) below the sight, and by that inch I had grazed the top of the granite pebble—there was a mark on it cut by the bullet—and where the bullet went to no one knows, and humanly speaking no one ever will know.

It was a terribly bungling thing to do—the kind of bungle that might be forgiven in the merest tiro, but in no one else. There is a saying that Fortune never forgives. However that may be, it took Fortune a whole week to forgive me that mistake, and I never had such an experience before. Grouse got up, the wind shifted, hinds appeared where they had been lying invisible—all sorts of comprehensible and several incomprehensible accidents occurred to prevent my getting a really fair chance at any stag. During that dreary week I bagged but two, and they were stags of no importance, so to speak, and were killed rather by a lucky venture than anything else. On the last day of the week I had an interesting, if not a very fatal, day, for I had the luck to see nearly all the most important personages of the forest. I saw "the big eight-pointer," "the big switch-horn," "the big hummel," and "the piper." The latter, I may say, was a stag with a malformed horn; the "switch-horn" is, of course, a stag with no cross points above the brow; and a "hummel" is a stag with no horns at all. There was also of this company a one-horned stag who was notorious in the forest.

At the lodge in the evening I was congratulated, and a good deal chaffed, on "my day out," as they called it, "with all the freaks of the forest." Sunday passed in reflections on the vanity of human wishes, and the exaggerated estimate commonly held of deer-stalking as a sport, and on the Monday I set forth again, on the same beat as on the Saturday, undertaking to bring home at least a small assortment of the freaks. Three miles from the lodge in a motor, which was conveying another rifle to the spot where he should mount his pony for a more distant beat, and then a long ride of six miles or so at the sedate walk of a hill-pony, in the uncomfortable conveyance called a deer-saddle, up a most lovely glen with a golden eagle flying on in short flights as we came near it and accompanying us on our way. All

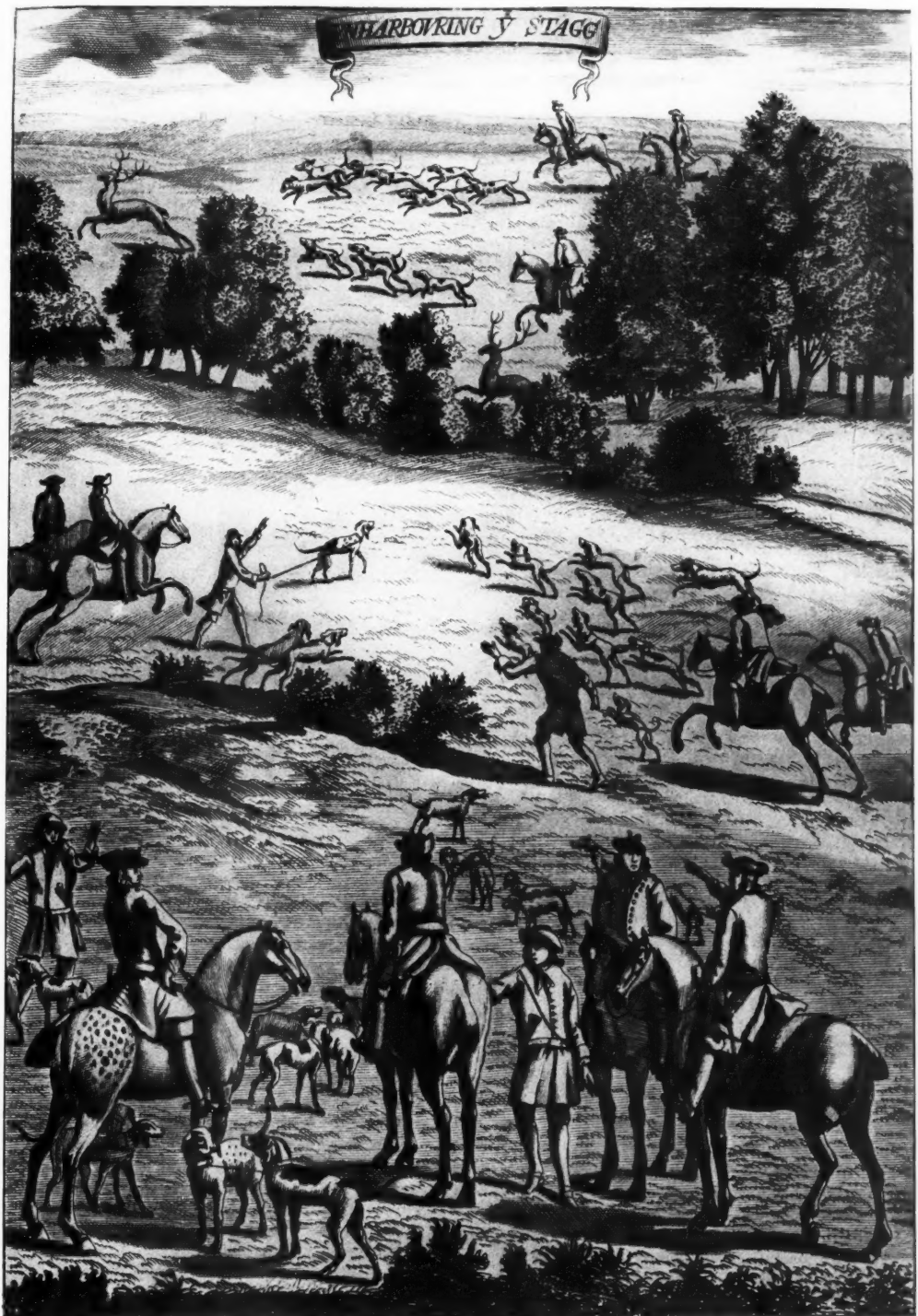


"THE DEER FRAYING THEIR HEADS."

the spying of this glen had been done before, in the earlier morning, and it was known that there was nothing "shootable" on it. At the head of the glen we left the ponies, and went out on open forest, where the spying over new ground might quickly begin. But before we had gone even so far as to look fairly over the edge of the glen to the relatively level ground beyond the rim, one of the gillies stopped us with that sibilant "Hist!" that sets one's heart a-beat at once. He pointed right ahead as we were going. There, above the heather, were points like the tops of the branches of a dead tree—the horns of a stag! Just beside him, a little further, were the horn-tips of yet another. The ride had taken me to the far leeward side of the ground, so that the wind blew directly down from me to them. Even at the moment that we saw them first they were not further from us than 150 yds. To slip a clip of five cartridges into the rifle was a moment's work; then we crawled, simply bending down, towards them. A brae of rising ground afforded us cover to within 60 yds. of the horns. It was all the easiest work that was ever given to a man. It is likely that just as we came within a yard or two of the brae one or other of them heard us, for both stags jumped abruptly to their feet. There was no time to lose. I had sat down on a tussock at the moment of their rising, and from that seat, which is an unfavourable position, if you have to take the shot from the shoulder without a rest, had to fire. The two stags bounded over the brae beyond them. "He's hit!" was the stalker's exclamation, and he presently dashed forward—the stag was lying down beyond the brow. He took another bullet, the death-shot, to finish him, and when we went to him, behold! he was the first of the freaks, the big eight-pointer—only, as it appeared, we had made a mistake in the counting of his points, for he was a ten-pointer in fact; and with good large points, and a fine spread of horn. The head had this weakness, that the beam was rather thin and light, but for the rest it was a fine head. And it had required no trouble, no science, no work to get it. It was a gift thrown at one, and a good omen; and after the galloping we went on up wind in search of more of the freaks.

Of course the little stag, who had been with the big one as his watcher and fag (but not quite watchful enough) had taken away all the deer for a mile or two, but in a short time we were spying a number of little lots again. They were restless, as they often are with the east wind, and always, as we came at all near them, they moved on, and for a long while we did nothing. Then we found some lying on a hillside facing us, an impossible position for a stalk. We could do nothing. We came within 300 yds. or so, but could get no nearer; and it did not do to spend more of the day waiting there for the deer to move. I decided on a long shot at a stag lying down and facing me. The rest was comfortable, but the mark was small, and the distance

long. I had little hope of success. The stalker said that I struck him, that he saw the stag shiver, like one that is hit high on the shoulder or top of the spine, but I think that he was a flatterer, with his Celtic tongue. I prefer to suppose that I missed that stag. Then the deer began to move, and we began to



To the Worshipful
 Wullop of
 the County of
 Southampton
 This plate is humbly dedicated by Richard Blome.

"UNHARBOURING THE STAG."

move, too. We got to the top of the hill, while they were hidden from us by its crest, and then we found that they had kindly slackened their pace and were working round the base of the hillside. "Take the one on the left," said the stalker. I took him—he was going at a slow trot. I allowed too much, no doubt, for his pace of going, but he came down on his knees.

"Now the second on the right," the stalker said. But they were galloping now, and where the bullet went I do not know, but it did not go into the stag. The deer were all clustered by this time, as they made off, so I did not dare to fire, for fear of hitting a small one. I looked for my friend on the left that I had brought down first, and saw him, to my disgust, on his legs, and going strong after the others. I sent another shot at him, but did not touch him, and the stalker did not dare to let his dog go, because the wounded stag was so well up with the rest. He got his glass on the deer, and saw that I had hit him in the throat, too far forward. It became very doubtful whether we should get him. He was lagging behind as the great body of the deer crossed a burn, and we could see his horns for a long while above the burn's bank after the rest had moved on. Presently he, too, began to make his way after them, the main body stopping and looking back, as their way is, to wait for their wounded friend. It was at this point that the stalker, getting him in a good light with his glass, exclaimed, in great excitement, "It is the big switch-horn!" This, then, was the second of the



"THE STAG AT BAY."

freaks, and it became more imperative still that we should get him. The big lot of the deer continued moving to the right, and the wounded stag, working to the left, passed out of our sight behind a hillock. It then seemed that we must follow him in order to watch his manoeuvres, and when we came round the hill we found him so far detached from the rest that the stalker at length thought it safe to let go the dog. We had already seen blood where the stag had left the burn, and the dog struck the trail at once and went off at the gallop. The stag had seen us now, and was trotting up the hillside opposite, moving so strongly that I had little hope of getting him. It all turned on whether the dog would overtake him before reaching the top of the hill. The dog caught sight of the deer and opened tongue. The stag stopped a moment, looked back, and when he resumed his trot did not quicken at all on his previous pace. In that there was an omen. Had he been strong he would certainly have quickened up when he knew of his pursuer. Undoubtedly he had the will to do so, but had not the power. The dog began to gain, and soon the stag turned to bay. The dog knew his business well; he did not try to come to close quarters, but kept the stag busy, heading him and baying at him till we came near enough for a death shot; and that was the end of the big "switch-horn," the second of the forest freaks. The first shot had taken him too far forward, in the throat, without cutting the jugular.

The rest of the stags had gone rather on the line of our homeward way, and we kept a look-out for them as we went, but

saw none of any account until we struck the path at which my pony met us. Here, the stalker said, we might take it that we had finished for the day; the clip was taken from the rifle, the rifle put back in its case, and I rode down the hideously rocky path thinking of the past sport, and with no prospect of more in the remaining hour of daylight. We were come within 150 yds. of the march of the forest—on this side only, which was near the



"CHOPPING AT HIS HEAD."

cultivated lands, bounded by a deer fence—when, from behind a bluff, came a band of stags marching majestically just within the wires. At sight of us they quickened to a gallop, but it took no time at all to slip off the pony, have the rifle from its case, a clip in the magazine, and a shot—to which a fine stag fell. A second shot went over the back of another, and spluttered on the rock-face behind him, and by that time they were gone. The stricken one was not dead. He lay kicking on his back, but as we came to him he rose. I had fired at him as I stood, from the shoulder, and had caught him low in the gralloch. But another bullet was the death of him—a nice eight-pointer. So that was the end of the day's work. I had to walk home, for I had used up all my ponies; but luckily it was but four miles or so to the lodge, and I was able to give a good account of myself and of my work among the freaks.

That was my best day of the year, for I am not of the select yet not wholly to be envied number who are owners of forests, and may, if they please, violate sanctuaries, and kill anything from half-a-dozen to a dozen in the day; but my last stalk of the year ended in a pleasantly exciting and satisfactory manner. I had done nothing till the afternoon, though the day had been an interesting one, for the stags were everywhere roaring and fighting and herding their hinds; but towards evening we spied two shootable stags far below us. Crawling down to them, we gave the wind to a party of four little stags, who went away, and we feared would take the better two with them. But as we peeped over, after a long descent, there they still were, but with heads up, evidently alarmed. I crawled on to where I could get a good sight of them, and with a steady rest of the elbows on the knees, as I sat, got a broad-side shot at the bigger, and he was accounted for. The second went off at the gallop. I sent a first bullet after him, which missed him clean, but a second, just as he was going out of sight over the brae, took him by good luck exactly in the right place at the nape of the neck, and he rolled over like a rabbit stone dead. It is the right kind of shot with which to end the season, especially if one belongs to the large company of but moderate rifle-shots with whom such feats are the exception. H. H.

ROSA MYSTICA.

BY FIONA MACLEOD.

SITTING here, in an old garden by the sea, it is difficult for me to realise that the swallow has gone on her long flight to the South, that last night I heard countless teal flying overhead, and before dawn this morning the mysterious *honk-honk* of the wild-geese. A white calm prevails. A sea of faint blue and beaten silver, still molten, still luminous as with yet unsubdued flame, lies motionless beneath an immeasurable dome of a blue as faint, drowned in a universal delicate haze of silver-grey and pearl. But already a change to pale apple-green and mauve is imminent. A single tern flashes a lonely wing along a grey-green line that may be where sky and sea meet, or may be the illusion of the tide refluxing from green depths. On the weedy rocks I cannot see even a sleeping seamew: on the havened stretch of yellow-white sand a dotterel runs to and fro in sudden aimless starts, but as suddenly is still, is all but unseen with her breast against a rock covered with the blue-bloom of mussels, and now is like a shadow licked up by twilight.

Along the husht garden-ways beside me and behind me are roses, crimson and yellow, sulphur-white and pale carnation, the blood-red damask, and a trailing-rose brought from France that looks as though it were a live flame miraculously stilled. It is the hour of the rose. Summer has gone, but the phantom-summer is here still. A yellow butterfly hangs upon a great drooping *Maréchal Niel*: two white butterflies faintly flutter above a corner-group of honey sweet roses of Provence. A late hermit-bee, a few lingering wasps, and the sweet, reiterated, insistent, late-autumn song of the redbreast. That is all. It is the hour of the rose.

*C'est l'heure de la rose
L'heure d'ombre et flamme,
Quand dans mon âme
Je sens une Blanche Rose
Ecluse.*

To-night the sea-wind will go moaning from the west into the dark north: before dawn a steely frost will come over the far crests of the hills. To-morrow the garden will be desolate: a garden of phantom dreams. They have waited long, spell-bound: but the enchantment is fallen; in a few hours all shall be a remembrance. What has so marvellously bloomed thus late, so long escaped devastating wind and far-drifting rains and the blight of the sea, will pass in a night. Already, a long way off, I hear a singular, faint, humming sound, like stifled bees. So . . . the foam of storm is on the skerries of the seaward isles. Already from the north, a faint but gathering chill comes on the slanting wings of twilight. I rise with a sigh, thinking of an old forgotten refrain in an old forgotten poem:

*Ged tha thu'n diugh'a d'aibheis fhuar,
Bha thu nair'a d'aros rìgh . . .
Though thou art to-day a cold run,
Thou wert once the dwelling of a king.*

In the long history of the Rose, from the time when the Babylonians carried sceptres ornamented now with this flower now with the apple or lotus, to the coming of the Damask Rose into England in the time of Henry VII.: from the straying into English gardens, out of the Orient, of that lovely yellow cabbage-rose which first came into notice shortly after Shakespeare's death, or from Shakespeare's own "*Provençal rose*," which is no other than the loved and common cabbage-rose of our gardens from the combs of Devon to the straths of Sutherland, to that little clustering rose which flowered in Surrey meads in the days of Chaucer and has now wandered so far north that the Icclander can gather it in his brief hyperborean summer: from Keats's musk-rose—

*The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves—*

to that Green Rose which for more than half a century has puzzled the rose-lover and been a theme of many speculations . . . a thousand wise and beautiful things have been said of this most loved of flowers and not a few errors been perpetuated.

What has become of the Blue Roses to which in 1800 a French writer, Guillemeau, alludes as growing wild near Turin? They are no less phantoms than some of the rose-allusions which the poet has made sacrosanct, that to the Rhetorician have become an accepted convention. Again, we are told and retold that the cult of the rose is a modern and not an ancient sentiment. Even, it is said, the allusions of the Latin poets are not those of lovers and enthusiasts. It is the Rose of Catullus, we are reminded, that blooms in the old Italic literature, the flower of festival, of Venus and Bacchus, alluded to more for its associations and its decorative value than for love borne to it or enthusiasm lit by it as by a fragrant flame.

All this may be so, and yet I am not persuaded that the people of ancient days did not love this flower of flowers as truly as, if perhaps differently than, we do. It is true that the ancients

do not appear to have regarded nature, either in the abstract or in the particular, in the way characteristic of peoples of modern times and above all of our own time. But literary allusiveness does not reveal the extent or the measure of the love of objects and places. It is almost inconceivable, for example, that so beauty-loving a people as the Greeks did not delight in the rose. The fact that only a mere handful of roses may be culled from all the poetry of Hellas, here a spray from Sappho, a wine-flusht cluster from Anacreon, a dew-wet bloom from Theocritus, a few wild-roses from the Anthology, an epithet from Homer, an image from Simonides or Pindar, a metaphor in some golden mouth, this paucity—so singular compared with the Rose of Poetry in our English speech, from Chaucer's "*Rose of Rhone*" to Mr. Yeats' "*Rose on the Rood of Time*," loved and sung through a thousand years. Such paucity does not necessarily mean that only a few poets casually alluded to this supreme flower, and that it was unnoticed or unloved of the many. Doubtless rose-chaplets were woven for lovers, and children made coronals, and at mourning ceremonies and marriage festivals these flowers were strewn. The very fact that Sappho called the rose the queen of flowers showed that it was distinguished from and admired among even the violets, pre-eminently the flowers of Athens. That she likened a young maiden to a rose is as indicative as when an Arab poet likens his love to a delicate green palm, or as when a northern poet speaks of her as a pine-tree swaying in the wind, or a wave dancing on the sea.

Then, again, the rose would not have been consecrated to Venus, as an emblem of beauty: to Eros, as an emblem of love: to Aurora, as an emblem of Youth: and to Harpocrates, as an emblem of silence: if this symbolic usage were not such as would seem fit and natural. That roses, too, were in general demand is evident alone from their far-famed culture and the great trade in them at Paestum, the Lucanian town colonised by the Greek Sybarites five hundred years B.C. All mediæval and later literature is full of the beauty and fragrance of the rose, but were it not so, one could infer that the flower was held in high esteem from the fact that it has for ages been the wont of the Popes to have a golden rose exquisitely finished, and, when consecrated, to present it to some Catholic monarch as a token of special regard. Thus it seems to me that were there not a single allusion to the rose by any great poet from Homer to Sappho, from Anacreon to Theocritus, we might yet discern the love of the ancient Greeks for this flower from, let us say, a single surviving phrase such as the anonymous lovely epitaphial prayer-poem in the Anthology.

"May many flowers grow on this newly-built tomb; not the dried-up Bramble, or the red flower loved by goats; but Violets and Marjoram, and the Narcissus growing in water; and around thee may all Roses grow."

In Persia and the East, from Hindustân to Palestine, from remotest Asia to Abyssinia and Barbary, the rose has ever been loved and honoured. Sâdi of the Rose-Garden and many another has sung of it with ecstasy. The Hindû god Indra, even Buddha himself, suffered for robbing a paradisaical garden of a rose. How suggestive it is, that the Eve of the Aztec garden of Eden sinned, not for plucking an apple but a rose: it was a fatal rose, too, that the Eve of primitive Mexican legend gathered to her undoing and that of all her descendants.

What innumerable legends centre round this flower. In every country, and in either hemisphere, north of the Equator, the poet and the myth-maker and the legend-weaver have occupied their imaginations to enhance its beauty, to deepen its significance.

Long ago Bion told how the rose sprang from the blood of the wounded Adonis, the supreme type of beauty, and of the tears of Venus. An older Hellenic legend declares that the rose was originally white, till Eros, dancing among the gods, upset a goblet of nectar upon Venus' flower, which thereupon became red. Christian legend, on the other hand, would have it that the red rose sprang from the brands which had been lighted at Bethlehem to burn to death a Christian virgin-martyr. Remote from Syria as from Greece, the Scandinavian legend arose that this flower was white till Baldur, the god of youth and Love, bled at the coming of Christ—akin to which is a Gaelic legend, that the flower was white till a drop of Christ's blood fell from the Cross . . . a variant of which is that the robin, who plucked at the thorns in Christ's forehead till they stained its breast red, leaned exhausted against a wild white-rose on Calvary, which ever after was red as blood. I do not know the origin of the legend save that it is Teutonic in its present colour and shape, of how the Crown of Thorns was woven of the Briar-Rose, and how the drops that fell from the thorns became blood-hued blooms. Teutonic also, I think, is the legend that Judas made a ladder of the rose-briar with which to reach the closed doors of heaven: hence why it is that the name Judas-Stairs is given to the Briar in some parts of

Germany to this day, and why the scarlet hips are called *Judasbeeren*.

Most beautiful of surviving rose-customs is that akin to what is still done in some remote parts of Europe, the placing of an apple into the hand of a dead child, so that the little one may have something to play with in Paradise. I know of a dead Irish girl into whose right hand was placed a white rose, and of a drowned fisherman in whose hand was placed a red rose, symbols of spiritual rebirth and of deathless youth. Against this must be set the strange and widespread aversion to throwing a rose into a grave, or even letting one fall or be lowered there. ("It is throwing red life away" it was explained to me once—with the grim addition, "and Death will at once be hungry for more of the rose-thrower.")

Again I recall an old legend of the last rose of summer, long anterior to the familiar song so named: a legend of how at Samhain (Hallowmass), when of old was held the festival of summer ended and of winter begun, a young Druid brought a rose to the sunward Stones and, after consecration and invocation, threw it into the sea.

To-day, sitting in my old garden amid many roses, and looking westward across a waveless, a moveless sea, now of faint apple-green and fainter mauve lost in a vast luminous space of milky, violet-shadowed translucency, I dream again that old dream, and wonder what its portent then, what its ancient significance, of what the symbol now, the eternal and unchanging symbol. For nothing is more strange than the life of natural symbols. We may discern in them a new illusion, a new meaning: the thought we slip into them may be shaped to a new desire and coloured with some new fantasy of dreams or of the unspoken and nameless longing in the heart: but the symbol has seen a multitude of desires come and go like shadows, has been troubled with many longings and baffled wings of the veiled passions of the soul, and has known dreams, many dreams, dreams as the uncounted sand, the myriad wave, the illimitable host of cloud, rain that none hath numbered. The Symbol of

the Lily has been the chalice of the world's tears; the symbol of the Rose, the passion of uplifted hearts and of hearts on fire; in the symbol of the Cross has dwelled, like fragrance in a flower, the human soul. The salt, mutable, and yet unchanging sea has been the phantom in which empires have seen Time like a shadow, the mirage by which kings have wept and nations been amorous in a great pride. The Wind, that no man has seen, on whose rushing mane no hand has been laid, and in whose mouth has been set no bridle since the world swung out of chaos on chariots of flame . . . has not that solitary and dread creature of the deeps been fashioned in our minds to an image of the Everlasting, and in our hearts been shaped to the semblance of a Spirit?

A rose, laid on a stone-altar in the sunfire, and thrown into the sea, with strange hymns, with supplication . . . what a symbol this of the desires that do not die with nations, the longings that outlive peoples, the grass of prayer that Time has trampled upon and left and forever leaves green and virginal?

To give that, that lovely fragrant flame of the old material earth, to the altars of the bowed spirit: to clothe it in the fire of heaven: to commit it to the unassuaged thirst of the everlasting graves of the sea—surely, here, an image of that *Rosa Mundi* which has been set upon the forehead of the world since time was, that Rose of Beauty, that Rose of Time, that Rose of the world which the passion of the soul has created as a prayer to the Inscrutable: the Rose of the Soul, of you, of me, of all that have been, of all that are, of all unborn, that we lay upon our places of prayer, and offer to the Secret Fires, and commit to desolation, and sorrow, and the salt and avid hunger of death? What came of that mystical wedding, of the world we know and the world we do not know, by that rose of the spirit, committed thus in so great a hope, so great a faith? The druid is not here to tell. Faith after Faith has withered like a leaf. But still we stand by ancestral altars, still offer the Rose of our Desire to the veiled mystery, still commit this our symbol to the fathomless, the everlasting, the unanswering Deep.

THE SKIN MOULT OF A CATERPILLAR.

THE chief changes which moths and butterflies undergo in their development are well known to all—the passing from caterpillar to chrysalis and from chrysalis to moth—well known so far as that these changes occur in succession. Their comparative importance is not so generally understood. As the gradual development, which is going on during the whole of the active life of the insect, reaches certain stages, it is marked by more or less abrupt changes in its outward appearance, these changes being revealed in the case of the caterpillar by a shedding of the outer skin, and of the chitinous covering when the perfect insect emerges from the chrysalis. The nervous, respiratory, digestive, and reproductive systems are modified to suit the life of the insect in its different stages; but these various systems are always present. In the caterpillar stage, when

winged state, but become of importance secondary to that of the reproductive system. These are the two



READY TO MOULT.



FIRST STAGE OF MOULT.

practically all the feeding and growing take place, the digestive organs are paramount; they do not disappear in the perfect or

the caterpillar skin is finally discarded, the insect is, to all intents and purposes, a moth or butterfly, as the case may be, with wings, legs, antennæ, and proboscis all neatly folded along its ventral or under surface. By careful observation of full-grown caterpillars at the change, the limbs and wings of the newly-revealed insect may be seen for a short time before the semi-transparent jelly-like substance with which the whole is covered darkens and hardens into the chitin which forms the well-known outer coating of the chrysalis. It is only in the few days



WALKING OUT OF SKIN.

important stages—the caterpillar, feeding and growing, and the winged or perfect stage, reproducing. The chrysalis is merely the winged stage in a dormant condition, the chief value of which, in the life history of the insect, is to bridge the seasons. The chrysalis is not, as popularly regarded, a hard shell in which the perfect insect gradually takes form. When

preceding the emergence of the winged insect that further development takes place, the long time spent in the chrysalis stage being, as before stated, merely a dormant period of convenience for bridging the seasons. A butterfly which remains in the chrysalis nine or ten months, from the end of one summer to the beginning of the next, need not, so far as the requirements of development are concerned, and on occasion does not, remain in that state longer than nine or ten days.

I have said that the various transformations or sudden changes in the insect's appearance are revealed by the casting of the outer skin or of the chitinous covering. The process of moulting the epidermis of the caterpillar is known as "ecdysis," but it is not only at the change from caterpillar to chrysalis that this occurs; there are several skin moults (in

or membranous legs, each pair on a separate segment. These are not true legs, although it is with them that the cater-

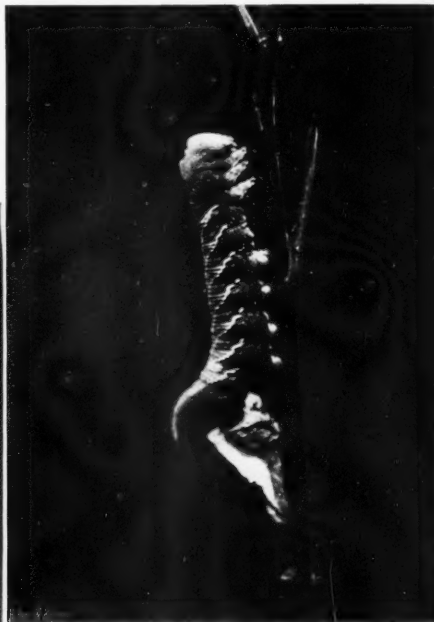


STILL EMERGING.

growth keep pace with the body, their increase in size being gained at each skin moult. When the little caterpillar first hatches from the egg the body is very thin and small, and the head and limbs, in proportion, very large. At the end of a week's feeding the body has, in size, caught up the head and limbs; the caterpillar then ceases to feed, and spinning a thin pad of silk on a leaf or stem, attaches itself to it by fixing the tiny hooks on its claspers to the silk; it then remains quiescent for a period varying from twelve to forty-eight hours. During this time the epidermis shrivels and becomes separated from the inner skin, considerable muscular contraction takes place, and towards the end the caterpillar becomes restless, generally oscillating sharply from side to side; the skin then splits on the back near the head, and the caterpillar gradually works itself free, completing the moult by crawling out of the old skin, which remains attached to the silken pad.

The head and legs will be seen to have gained considerably in size, being large in comparison with the body, which is thin and cadaverous-looking. The discarded skin often forms the first meal, and then the food plant is attacked voraciously, and in about a week the caterpillar will be ready for another moult. In some species the caterpillars assume a quite new colour and pattern after a moult, presenting an entirely different appearance. In fact, it is only at the moult that any alteration in the caterpillar's appearance takes place; there is no gradual change. Although growth proceeds at a great rate during the moults, it is only after the final moult that the highest rate of increase is attained.

Two years ago I reared from eggs a number of caterpillars of the Privet Hawk Moth, in order to observe and obtain photographs of the "ecdysis." As I shall have to speak of the various parts of the caterpillar later on, a general description at this point will facilitate matters. The Privet Hawk Caterpillar is a bright velvety green, with seven oblique pink stripes on each side. The body is divided into thirteen segments, of which the head forms the first. There are three pairs of legs on the three segments immediately next the head. These are called prolegs, and are the true legs of the insect. It is these same three segments which bear the wings and legs in the moth stage. The fifth and sixth and eleventh and twelfth segments have no legs; but on the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth are four pairs of claspers,



RELEASING ANAL CLASPERS.

number varying in different species from four to six, or more) during the life and growth of a caterpillar. The head and limbs do not in

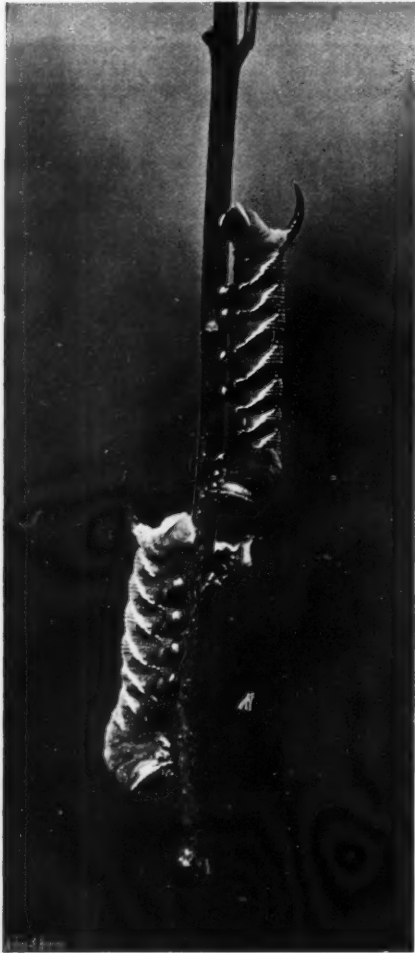
a horn-like process which is characteristic of the caterpillars of nearly all hawk moths. This horn, most highly developed in the species at present under consideration, is hard, black, and shining. The brood of caterpillars I had under observation moulted their skins five times at intervals of about six days. They were kept well supplied with fresh food, and varied very little in rapidity of growth, all being ready for the final moult when about thirty days old and 1½ in. long. They then ceased feeding and settled themselves on stems of privet in the cage. They rested in the characteristic sphinx-like attitude, clinging tightly with their claspers, and carrying the forward part of the body raised. At the end of twenty-four hours the front part of the body, by contraction of the muscles of the back, became still more elevated, the two legs and head being tightly bunched together by reason that the segment-bearing legs and claspers contract on the under-surface, giving a humped appearance to those segments. Later the skin became shrivelled, the soft even texture giving place to a dull shagreen-like appearance. On the second day, when the moult is imminent, the contraction is seen at its height, and is represented in our first illustration, which shows also that what was the head of the insect is now but a shell, the head itself having receded within the epidermis of the body, where, considerably enlarged, it may be seen outlined behind the old head-shell. This caterpillar went through its moult so rapidly that I failed to obtain further photographs of it, the next five, which show the various stages of the moult, being portraits of another individual which occupied a little under 10 min. from start to finish. It was not easy to judge exactly when a caterpillar would commence to moult, and many attempts to obtain photographs resulted in failure from one cause or another. I would place in position a caterpillar which appeared to be ready to moult, and have camera and plates prepared and the specimen carefully focussed, then whilst waiting I would often have the mortification of seeing others, which had not appeared to be so forward, cast their skins; or after waiting and watching an hour or more, I might be called away for a few minutes and return to find my "sitter" had completed its moult. However, this all makes for the sport of Nature photography, and I was rewarded at last, for directly I had focussed on the caterpillar shown in the succeeding pictures, it commenced the moult. The first indication was a violent twitching and oscillation from side to side, followed by the sudden dropping off of the old head-shell; at the same time the skin split all along the back of the first two or three segments, and slipped suddenly down to the first or second pair of claspers, the elevated part of the body straightening out as soon as released. The second illustration represents this stage. The caterpillar now commenced to walk slowly out of its skin, in which walk it used only the claspers, the true legs being held clear of the stem. The position of the first clasper compared



FREE: RESTING ON OLD SKIN.

pillar does most of its walking and clinging; they are sucker-like prolongations of the skin, having a series of little hook-like spines on the ventral surface, and exist only in the caterpillar stage. On the thirteenth, or anal, segment is a pair of claspers, larger than the others, and with more tenacious clinging power. The twelfth segment carries on its upper surface

with that of the leaf stalk on the opposite side of the stem shows the distance traversed in the process; in the second picture the clasper is below, and in the fifth and sixth above, the leaf stalk. The third shows the skin just passing the third clasper, and the fourth, perhaps the most interesting photograph, was taken just as the horn-like process was being withdrawn from its sheath.



RESTING.

as upright oval depressions, one on the side of each abdominal segment.

After the moult the Privet Hawk Caterpillars almost invariably turned round and rested for a period of two or three hours head down, as shown in the seventh picture, before commencing to feed, during which time they underwent a rapid development, or ripening of colour. Naturally this cannot be fully illustrated in a photograph, but a great difference may be detected between that in the sixth and the two caterpillars in the seventh picture. The lower of these two caterpillars had completed the moult one hour and the upper one two hours, in which time the body colour had ripened, the oblique side stripes developed to a rich purple, and the head, true legs, and horn, which at first, as in the sixth photograph, were soft and almost colourless, became hard and shining black. After the rest following this final "ecdysis" the caterpillars attacked the privet leaves with what may be described as voracious appetites. They almost seemed to realise that all tiresome moulting was at an end, and that nothing lay before them as caterpillars but a glorious ten days' feast on privet leaves, that their one duty in life was to feed and grow, and I must say that seldom is an obligation in any form of life more assiduously discharged. There was a period of eight or ten days in which to fill out that loose skin (*vide* the seventh picture), and to grow a body which should be less of a disgrace to that preposterously large head and limbs. How well they succeeded is adequately shown by the last photograph of one fully grown, whose body has lost all its creases, and whose portly figure is so full as to make it appear to find it necessary to stand upon tip toes.

For those who love statistics, it has been found that a Privet Hawk Caterpillar at the time of its final "ecdysis" weighs about 20gr., and in eight or ten days, when fully grown, it has increased to 120gr., an increase which sinks into insignificance when we take into consideration its weight when it first leaves the egg-shell of one-eightieth of a grain, so that in the thirty or thirty-two days of caterpillar life it increases its weight some 10,000 times.

WILLIAM FARREN.

IN THE GARDEN.

BRIGHT-LEAVED PLANTS FOR ROOM AND GREENHOUSE.

WE have received several letters recently in which a desire is expressed for a list of bright-leaved plants for the room and greenhouse, and the following have been chosen as the most suitable for this purpose. Many of the most strikingly coloured must have the temperature of a hot-house to bring out their characteristic beauty, and are, therefore, useless in a room, where they are in a lower temperature and exposed to draughts. The following may be depended upon to live many years with careful attention: *Agapanthus minor variegatus*, *Aralia Sieboldi variegata*, *Aspidistra lurida variegata* (the variegated Parlour Palm), the variegated Sedge (*Carex japonica variegata*), *Chlorophytum elatum variegatum*, which is often seen hung up in cottage windows; *Coronilla glauca variegata*, *Cyperus alternifolius variegatus*, *Eulalia japonica variegata*, variegated Myrtle, the striped New Zealand Flax, the grey-fronded Ferns (*Pteris argyrea* and *P. cretica albo-lineata*), and *Yuccas*. The most satisfactory of this selection, for both town and country houses, are the *Aspidistra*, which is almost too well known to describe, the moisture-loving *Cyperus*, the two Ferns mentioned, and the *Chlorophytum*. The plants with a smooth, even surface to the leaves generally live the longest, and the reason is that it is possible to frequently sponge the surface to remove dust and other accumulations which are detrimental to vegetable life in or near large towns. It is only by frequent attention to this detail that success is possible, and plants in rooms add so much to the interest and beauty of the home that an hour or two a week spent in this way is well repaid.

MILDEW-PROOF ROSES.

An interesting and instructive series of articles is appearing in a contemporary upon the mildew-resisting qualities of the Rose. Those who have grown the queen of flowers are aware that as autumn approaches a cloud of mildew settles upon the leaves of certain varieties, which entirely spoils the appearance of the plants. Mr. A. H. Pearson, the well-known nurseryman of Lowdham, Notts, gives the following list as mildew-proof, that is, of course, in his own grounds. It is possible for one variety in a certain soil or climate to show traces of mildew, but to be absolutely proof under other



FULL GROWN.

conditions. As this is the planting season, the list given may be useful. Of the *Tea-scented* the choice is Billiard et Barré, Bridesmaid, Catherine Mermet, Celine Forestier, Comtesse de Nadaillac, Comtesse Sophy Torby, Corallina, Dr. Grill, Dr. Rouges, Enchantress, Françoise Crousse, General Schablikine, G. Nabonnand, Golden Gate, Homère, Lady Roberts, Lucy Carnegie, Mme. Bravy, Mme. Jean Dupuy, Mme. Wagram, C. de Turenne, Maman Cochet,

Marie van Houtte, Medea, Morning Glow, Mrs. B. R. Cant, Peace, Prefet Montiel, Princess of Wales, Souv. d'Elise Vardon, Souv. de Pierre Notting, Souv. de C. Guillot, Souv. d'un Ami, Souv. de Thérèse Levet, The Bride, and White Maman Cochet. *Hybrid Tea-scented*.—Anne Marie Soupert, Augustine Guinoisseau, Caroline Testout, Grand Duc de Luxembourg, Gloire Lyonnaise, Irish Glory, Modesty, Lady Mary Corry, Lady Waterlow, Mme. C. Monnier, Marjorie, and Papa Gontier.

WINTER-FLOWERING CLIMBING PLANTS.

Against a sunny wall in the garden of the writer runs a border of flowering shrubs. The position is sheltered, facing south-west, and there is a good depth of soil. As the winter is considered almost as enjoyable for the quiet beauty of many plants as the heyday of summer, it was resolved to plant shrubs against the wall or otherwise to give interest to the winter months. *Garrya elliptica* is one of these, and very beautiful this shrub is when the catkins hang down as a greenish curtain from the leaves of still darker colouring. It is not a very hardy shrub, and for this reason a sheltered position was chosen, but we never protect it unless a severe winter is probable, as the evergreen foliage is an attraction. In full flower now, a short distance from the *Garrya*, is the Winter Jasmine (*Jasminum nudiflorum*), its gay streamers of yellow bloom hanging from the green shoots. The Winter

has scarlet berries, which remain bright until quite the spring; and other fine plants are, of course, the Holly in its many varieties, the Fire Thorn, *Crataegus Pyracantha* and *C. Lælandi*, and the Roses, if we may regard them as shrubs. This is a brief list, but forms the foundation of a good collection of shrubs with beautiful fruits.

RANDOM NOTES.

Beautiful Grasses for the Water-side.—"J." writes: "No garden can be said to be complete without a few specimens of the beautiful grasses called *Eulalias*. They are fairly hardy, die down in late autumn, and are easily grown in a light, fairly-dry soil. They are very effective by the water-side, but, though in harmony with their surroundings there, they do not like actual contact with the water. It is necessary to plant them well above the water-line. In very favourable seasons they throw up their purplish flower spikes about the end of August, and these reach from 8 in. to 1 ft. in height. These spikes are very ornamental when the golden anthers appear, the whole plume changing when mature to silvery, fluffy, fan-shaped sprays, which are useful for cutting. It is only, however, in the most favoured places and seasons that the plumes appear, so that the foliage alone is, generally speaking, their chief recommendation. *E. japonica* has stems 6 ft. or more high, and clothed with deep green leaves, down the centre of which is a line of white; and the



F. R. Fraple.

THE BRIMMING RIVER.

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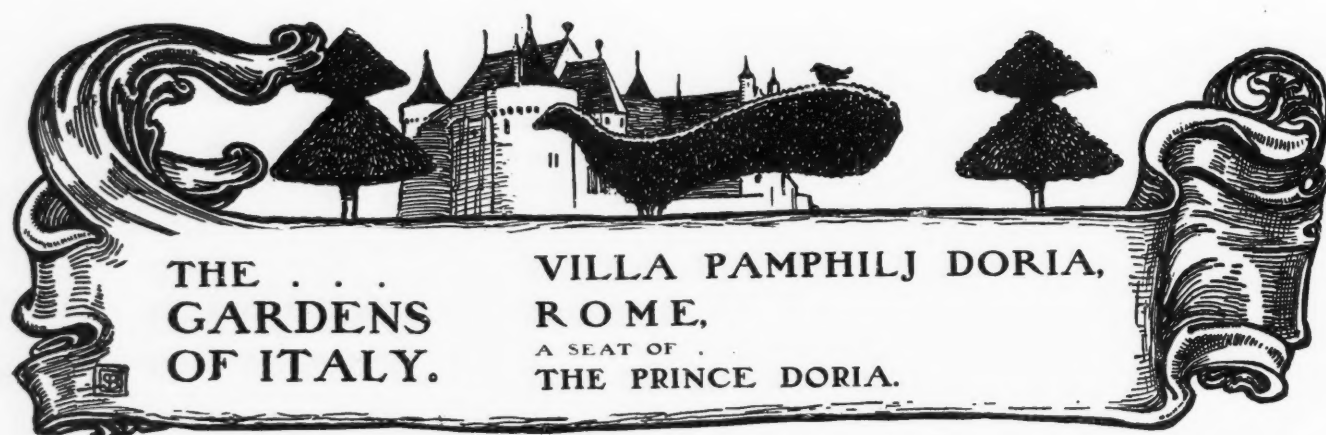
Sweet (*Chimonanthus fragrans*) is less showy, but the soft lemon yellow flowers are deliciously sweet, more so even than the Winter Honeysuckles (fragrantissima and Standishi). Against this wall is the Winter Clematis (*C. balearica*), which has flowers of bell shape and dull white with claret-coloured spots in the inside. *Cirrhosa* is another name for this interesting Clematis.

SHRUBS WITH BEAUTIFUL FRUITS.

A correspondent is desirous of knowing the names of shrubs which bear beautiful fruits, and we think the following list may be serviceable to others at this planting season. Unfortunately, the fruit of the Thorns is so quickly eaten by the birds that the value of the various kinds for the sake of the berries is somewhat discountenanced, but the Cockspur Thorn should certainly be given a place in the garden. Our native Sea Buckthorn is of great importance. Its botanical name is *Hippophaë rhamnoides*, and the place for it is beside a lake, pond, or stream, where the silvery green foliage gleams on a bright winter day, making, with the orange glow from the berries, a beautiful effect. One male plant must be grouped with every six of the female; otherwise there will be no fruit. We are often asked why the Sea Buckthorn does not fruit, and this is the reason. Brilliant in the hedgerow now is the crimson clustering of the Spindle Tree (*Euonymus europæus*), and this is a tree to introduce into the garden. When the fruits open to disclose the orange seeds, the colouring is even richer. *Cotoneaster tomentosa*

variegated form of this is edged with silvery white. *Zebrina* is the beautiful Zebra grass. Its leaves are barred with yellow, and to maintain their distinctive colouring it is wise to grow the plants in a poor soil. The effect of rich, stimulating soils on many variegated plants is to change them to a normal green. *E. gracillima* is so called from its graceful bending shoots, and should be the first selected. The *Eulalias* are easily grown in light ground, and may be readily increased by dividing the old plants in spring, just before growth begins.

Protecting Roses.—At the time of writing the weather is mild and the soil in good tilth, but a period of sharp frosts may occur at once, when the plants will suffer if not protected in some way. As one well-known Rose-grower says: "The plan most generally adopted is to draw up some soil around the base of the bush plant, and, so far, nothing has been mentioned that can surpass it. The soil should be placed round the plants to a depth of from 3 in. to 4 in., and it may thus remain until April. No matter how severe the weather may be, the growths beneath the soil will come through unscathed. It sometimes happens that the soil is too heavy to draw to the stems in this way, and then burnt garden refuse will prove a good substitute." In our case, we earthed up with some good loam, which will be spread over the bed when the time comes to remove this protection. It is a great mistake to put straw among the branches, as this has no protective quality whatever, and is responsible for many deaths.



"It makes one's hair stand on end," says Edmond About in his "Rome Contemporaine," "to read the figures of the dowries with which the Jesuit decision, during the reign of Innocent X., permitted the Pope to enrich the various members of his House." It was laid down as his privilege, to assure the future of his family by his savings from the Holy See. According to this judgment, the pontiff, without being considered over-lavish, might spend 400,000fr. a year, and might give a dowry of 900,000fr. to each of his nieces. The Pope, therefore, set about founding the Pamphilj family, and in this laudable work he was ably assisted by his sister-in-law, Olimpia Pamphilj, one of those strange personalities which stands out from the past in a vignette and leaves an impression fresh and vivid after the lapse of more than two hundred years.

Olimpia was born in 1594 at Viterbo; her father, Andrea Madaichini, was a man of no particular importance, and his daughter was at first destined for a convent, but though taken there as a child, she had the strength of mind to resist violently, and finding she could make an impression in no other way, she accused her confessors of making love to her, and soon got the character of a dangerous inmate whom the nuns were thankful to get rid of. She married Paolo Nini, a noble of Viterbo. Both he and her little son died almost immediately. She soon after married Pamfilio Pamphilj, a soldier, who seems to have been a rough and unkind husband, and who died in 1639, leaving Donna Olimpia with three sons. She is forty-five before we hear much of her, but for many years past she had been gaining that

influence, which made her fortune, over her brother-in-law, the abbé, who became Pope five years after Pamfilio's death. When her husband died, Olimpia was still a young and beautiful woman, but she gave up all idea of pleasure, renouncing all weaknesses of sex, only going into the world when it was politic to do so, devoting all her energies to becoming a power and influence in the life of her exalted brother-in-law, and to Innocent X., melancholy, undecided, her firm, optimistic nature, full of cheerfulness and sympathy, soon made her absolutely necessary. When the Pope was elected, the people swarmed according to custom to exercise their privilege of sacking the Pamphilj palace, and it was Olimpia who had prudently removed all the valuable furniture and tapestries, leaving them only rubbish to prey upon.

From the first she established a splendid position for herself, only asked the most exalted persons to share her banquets, and Cardinals and magnates, say the contemporary chronicles, bowed before her, as her chair, with a baldachin over it, was borne into the halls of the greatest nobles and the palaces of ambassadors.

She lived in the Pamphilj palace in Piazza Navona, and the diarists of the time record many of her visits to the Vatican and the Pope's in return to her. It seems, they say, as if she was an integral part of his grandeur. After every event, every ceremony of importance, he would come and sup with Donna Olimpia, sometimes she would carry him off to spend the day in the garden of a villa, together they visited the great artists of the day. Olimpia was received everywhere, and even had permission to





THE FOOT OF THE WEST STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

FOUNTAIN OF VENUS, SOUTH TERRACE.

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CORNER OF WESTERN TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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enter monasteries where women were not admitted, but where she was entertained by the monks at luncheon. What her real relations with Innocent had been in the past remains undecided, and is comparatively unimportant. At the time of his accession he was nearly seventy, and it is easy to account for the ascendancy of a brilliant, attractive woman, devoting all her tact and talent to pleasing and helping and advising the man whose coarse, obstinate, and weak face is immortalised for us on the magnificent canvas of Velasquez. The Roman people hated her for her power over the Pope, for her rapacity and her ostentatious magnificence, and made many pasquinades, plays upon her name—Olimpia, impia (impious Olimpia), representing her occupied with making hay in the sunshine, arranging marriages for her sons, securing the red hat for her brother. In one caricature, nailed to her palace door, Pasquino asks, "Where is the door of Donna Olimpia?" The answer was a witty enough play on the Italian words: "Che porta vede la porta, che non porta non vede la porta" ("Who brings sees the door, who brings nothing sees it not"). The Pope's name was found effaced over the Lateran, and instead of Innocentius Pont. Max., was "Olimpia prima papessa."

Every effort was made to find and punish the authors of these satires, but without success. Still more insulting was the report in Rome that a play, entitled "The Marriage of the Pope,"

and after this she never left him. Other ladies who had fought for his favours tried to see him, but Olimpia fought them all off, herself locked his chamber door at night, and every night bore away the gold received during the day. Every day money was paid in for benefices, for bishoprics, for negotiations, and she is said in ten days to have carried off 500,000fr. Just at the last the general of the Jesuits forbade her access to him, but immediately after his death she forced her way back, and dragged from under the bed on which the body lay, two cases of gold, with which she escaped. Then with cold-blooded irony, as the question arose of who was to pay for the obsequies of the dead sovereign, she refused to disburse the cost of even a modest funeral, saying, what could a poor widow render in the way of funeral honours worthy of a great pontiff?

Olimpia tried in vain to conciliate the new Pope, Alexander VII. She even relaxed her usual avarice so far as to send him two gold vases, asking to be allowed to kiss his feet, but the present was returned with the message that the Vatican was not a place for women. She soon received an intimation to leave Rome, and passed the rest of her life in a villa near Viterbo. She is said to have left two millions of gold scudi, and her heirs contrived to keep a tight hold of it, in spite of the attempts of Alexander to recover a part.



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SOUTH-WEST END OF GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

had been played in London before Cromwell, ending with a ballet of monks and nuns. It seems doubtful whether such a play was ever acted, but the report, none the less, enraged the Pope and his dominant sister-in-law. Parties were formed against her, and the gazettes of the time are full of attacks and scurrilous stories; but, in spite of occasional reverses, she held on her way, tenacious, determined to secure solid benefits. For a time the austere Cardinal Maculano worked upon the Pope to banish Olimpia from his Court, where her presence gave such scandal; but, though openly withdrawn, she was still believed to pay secret visits and to watch vigilantly over her interests. Soon after the Cardinal died, and she was restored to her position. Gigli, in his amusing diary, speaks of a visit by the Pope, when he was carried in a sedan chair to the Pamphilj palace to condole with Olimpia, who had been robbed of some splendid jewels. An unlucky page was put to the torture without avail before an audacious letter was received from the thief, saying she ought to be thankful for what he had left her. The Pope, to console her, made her a present of 30,000 scudi. This was in August, 1654.

The last time Innocent left the Vatican was in December of the same year, when he was carried in a litter to Donna Olimpia's garden in the Trastevere. His health was failing fast,

Nowhere do so many traces of her remain to-day as in the magnificent villa erected on the Janiculum for her son, Camillo. The villa had become the indispensable adjunct of every great Roman family. The castles of the Middle Ages, on the campagna, had fallen into ruin and disuse, and an outlet was needed from the palaces somewhere, where magnates, cardinals, and ladies could walk and converse and enjoy the frivolous games and conceits then in vogue. And their idea of Nature consisted in arcades, in labyrinths, in shaded walks, in sparkling fountains, in sham-classic temples to Ceres and Diana, in miniature lakes and waterworks.

The villa erected from the designs of Falda by Algardi, and filled with memorials of Olimpia, was second to none in ample magnificence. The position on the Janiculum is on the ancient site of the gardens of Galba, and here the murdered Emperor is supposed to have been buried, A.D. 69, by his devoted slave Argilus. Bartoli says that it was built over thirty-four classic tombs of great beauty, forming "a small village with streets, side walks and squares." It stands high above the city, and merits its old name of Belrespiro. Of all Italian palaces, it most resembles an English country seat. It is surrounded by a fairly extensive, undulating park, where they make hay in summer, and which is plentifully timbered with ilexes and stone pines. Nearer



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ON THE CASCADE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SOUTHERN ASPECT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the house a cool, dark wood is railed off and inaccessible to the ordinary visitor, and the villa is surrounded by a finely-laid-out formal garden, with geometrical beds set in box edging, fountains and sundials, statues, and lemon trees in terra-cotta vases. In the little wood remains of classic times are freely studded about—here, an old sarcophagus, with flowers rising from it, as the old masters painted them in their Assumptions of the Virgin; there, a green mouldy altar, a mossy faun, a white marble figure of a Roman matron, a portico with twisted classic pillars; while on all sides gleam the blue-grey shafts of aloes. In one direction the eye travels over the wide campagna to where

Monte Cavo, with its flat top, the site of the ancient temple of Jupiter Latiarius, towers above the soft range of the violet Alban hills, and looking in the other direction, there is such a view of St. Peter's as is obtained from no other point. The great mass of Vatican buildings, surmounted by the dome, is seen by itself, cut off from the town by intervening hills. Behind it rises Monte Mario, and far away Soracte couches dimly on the plain.

These gardens were the scene of fierce fighting in the siege of Rome in 1849, and a temple built in 1851 commemorates the French who fell here. A memorial of a different kind catches

the eye, looking to the eastward slopes. The name "Mary," in huge letters of clipped cypress, reminds us that Lady Mary Talbot became the wife of Prince Doria in 1835; her sister Gwendoline married Prince Borghese.

There are no traces of Donna Olimpia's reign in the superb Pamphilj palace in Piazza Navona, where she spent more than half her life, but in the villa which she planned and which her son built, are inscriptions and busts of her. In the past there were many more, but the best were moved for greater security to the Doria palace. In that gallery we find Innocent X. in marble and in bronze by Bernini, Pamfilio Pamphilj, Olimpia's husband, a fine-looking man in his Spanish ruff and seventeenth-century dress, and there, too, is Olimpia herself, no longer young, but still handsome, with piercing eyes, marked eyebrows, close-shut mouth, a strong, resolute, imperious face.

There is a story that a fiery horse galloped through these gardens on April 11th, 1655, heralding the death of Innocent X. In 1760 the last heir male of the house of Pamphilj died, and the property passed to that of the Borghese, into which he had married, and was carried by them to the Dorias.

In the last century, Silvagni, in his "Corte Romana," recounts a love-tragedy, in which a son of the House of Pamphilj Doria was one of the principal actors. The delightful gossip and historian describes a funeral he witnessed when a child, when the body of a beautiful young girl, dressed in white, her long hair streaming round her, her head crowned with roses, was borne on an open bier through Rome. The flaming torches in the evening twilight, the suppressed emotion of the crowds, the waxen pallor of the face upon the bier, made an impression the child never forgot. The *cortège* stopped under the walls of the Doria palace,





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TERRACE OF THE CASCADES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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CASCADES, WESTERN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



TERRACE OF THE ROTUNDA

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the murmur of the crowd grew loud and deep, and threats and imprecations were uttered. The lovely maiden was Vittoria Savorelli, who had died for love of Don Domenico, second son of Prince Pamphilj Doria, and all Rome was alight with indignation.

The story was a sad and simple one. Vittoria was a lovely and accomplished girl, of a romantic, excitable temperament, full of strong religious enthusiasm, and would have a large fortune. Suitors were not lacking, but she showed no inclination towards any of them until, at the age of nineteen, in the winter of 1836, she met at a ball Don Domenico Doria, who was just twenty-one. He was a good-looking young fellow, a fine shot and rider, a beautiful dancer, but already dissipated and frivolous. He was much attracted by Donna Vittoria, sought her out, and distinguished her in every way, and her letters show very innocently, how irresistible she found him, and how she gradually gave him her whole heart. The son of the Pamphilj Doria was an excellent match, and no obstacles were thrown in the way of his suit. Vittoria tells how she celebrated a *Triduo* to the Virgin, and on returning home was rewarded by finding that the young man had sent his ambassador to her mother. "I had no doubt they were speaking about me," she writes. "Never did I find

place, and the Doria princes started, though Vittoria was inconsolable at the prospect of a long separation. Don Domenico left her with renewed protestations, gave her a ring, and bemoaned his hard fate at being parted from one whom, he took God to witness, he held already as his wife. By a sort of presentiment she wrote to a trusted friend: "He is gone, and I am a prey to all the terrors caused by a long absence, and the fear of losing him forever. I am almost reduced to despair. I imagine myself abandoned, dishonoured, the talk of the city." For some time his letters were long, frequent, and tender. He describes the coronation, and says that he loves to see everywhere the dear name of Vittoria. His last letter ends: "My paper fails, but my heart does not follow suit, and is full of the most tender love for my Tolla.—Yours eternally, Cuccio." Only eight days later he wrote very coolly from Brussels, both to Vittoria and her father, saying that as his uncle opposed the match, he thought it his duty to break it off, and hoped they would soon forget him.

The distracted parents, who felt that the sorrow would crush their child, made every effort to induce him to redeem his promise; but his unscrupulous uncle sent him as companion a man who worked on his weak nature, led him into the wildest



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NORTH SIDE OF THE VILLA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the society of my young cousins so wearisome, but I was forced to endure it, and when they departed, mamma immediately called me, and said that the Marchese had come, in the name of Cuccio" (diminutive for Domenico or Domenicuccio) "to make a formal request for my hand." Shortly after the engagement was announced, a fearful visitation of cholera in Rome separated the lovers, the Savorelli going to Castel Gandolfo, and the Doria taking refuge in their villa. This gave occasion for an ardent correspondence, and when the lovers met again they grew every day more attached. In his letters, Domenico calls his betrothed by the pet name of Tolla, and is profuse in his expressions of passionate fidelity. Her letters tell her warm and loving nature responds to his appeals, she looks forward to the future in confidence of perfect bliss. Like an eager, jealous child, she asks about every movement, gives him directions about curling his hair, tells him what clothes to wear, and how to occupy his time.

All seemed to promise well, but a sinister influence was at work. A Cardinal uncle of Domenico, who had never approved of the match, persuaded his nephew to go on a journey to England, whither his elder brother was bound, to marry Lady Mary Talbot. Queen Victoria's coronation was also to take

excesses, what little good he had in him was swamped in evil, and he entirely renounced his confiding love.

For a whole month the terrible truth was kept back from Vittoria, though day by day she grew more sad and anxious, as no letters came; but at length it was broken to her. She wrote him one more letter, and when no reply came her health failed rapidly. Her father and mother persuaded Cardinal Odescalchi to exert his influence with the Doria Cardinal, but all to no purpose; he remained inexorable, and Don Domenico himself was deaf to every entreaty.

Vittoria pined away. She still kept her faithless lover's portrait; but when all hope was gone she consecrated her ring to the Virgin. On September 25th, 1838, she wrote Domenico a last letter and traced some loving words of forgiveness on the back of his picture, and a week after she died.

When the city realised the news, a storm of indignation arose. Her biography and letters were published, verses were composed, the great public funeral marked the popular sympathy, Edmond About gave the name of Tolla to one of his heroines in her honour, and feeling against Domenico ran high. He, meanwhile, was in Venice, where he received the news of her death with every mark of profound indifference. He waited a

year before returning to Rome, and then appeared at a party given by the French Ambassador. He soon found, however, that he had miscalculated the tenacity of the public memory, and that it was unsafe for him to remain. He left Rome for

ever, and settled at Genoa, where, ten years after Vittoria's death, he married a Genoese lady. He lived till 1873. His memory is still execrated, while that of the fair young girl whom fate used so cruelly is still dear to the hearts of the Roman people.

OLD ELECTION HUMOURS.

"AH!" said an old general of the German Legion, commenting on the freedom with which British public opinion expressed itself in the days of Gillray and Rowlandson. "Ah! I tell you vot—England is altogether von libel!" We can see that scandalised martinet, standing aghast in the crowd that constantly blocked the pavement of St. James's Street before the little window of No. 27; the famous shop kept by Mrs. Humphreys, wherein, day by day, were displayed, fresh from the hand of the artist, the caricatures of James Gillray. From that window Gillray shot his broadsides of audacious humour, his keen arrows of wit, now at the Court, now at the Regent's party, at the little First Consul, Bonaparte, at Pitt and Fox, at Burke and Sheridan, at the social scandals and follies of the age. And, turning over those magnificent plates in the dim light of the library, in surroundings so far removed from the brilliant crowd that once drove passers-by even into the carriage-way, as victim and audience alike pressed to the printseller's window, we stand amazed before the wit and exuberance, the trenchant power, the immense boyish vitality, that still glow from the very lines of Gillray's graver. Life moved with a fuller pulse in those days, and on the grand scale. The horror of the French Revolution was still sounding in men's ears. Pitt and Burke, Sheridan and Fox thundered an eloquence unknown to modern Parliaments; Bonaparte was swallowing Europe whole, or carving half the globe with his knife, to adopt one of Gillray's fine images; 100,000 Frenchmen were massing at Boulogne, and on all the village greens of England volunteers were drilling to repel invasion; and the most brilliant Court in Europe was dazzling all eyes, and greatly confusing internal politics, by the wild follies of the Regency. What wonder if the heat of election contests for seats in the House of Commons of that day blazed fiercely, the hot blood of the time, moreover, taking even electioneering with a certain swing of boisterous gaiety, natural to John Bull in his robust three-bottle period. If Mrs. Humphreys' windows were, on occasion, broken by an outraged subject of Gillray's wit, that was doubtless but an incident in the career of a satirist a hundred years ago; the great Fox was wiser, and pocketing alike joke and affront, would pay his eighteenpence for a print in



ELECTION TROOPS AND THEIR LITTLE ACCOUNTS.

to the Pay-table." Pitt, secure within the closed Treasury gates, is saying, "I know nothing of you, my friends, Lord Hood pays all expenses himself," but he adds the consoling aside, "Hush! go to the back door in Great George Street—under the Rose." Sir George Rose, we may explain, was Pitt's secretary. Major Topham, proprietor, and, it is said, gossip-monger to the *World* newspaper, heads the creditors, holding a copy of the paper; his bill is for "puffs and squibs and for abusing Opposition." A newsboy from the *Star* presents an account "for changing sides, for hiring ballad-singers and Grub Street writers."

Three privates of the Guards, in the towering uniform of the day, and with gory bayonets, demand payment "for the attack in Bow Street." A publican brings his account "for eating and drinking for jackass boys." A cobbler has his bill "for voting three times." Lord Hood's sailors require payment "for kicking up a riot"; and a clothesman is demanding money "for perjury and procuring Jew rioters." As comment on this plate we may note that among the election expenses incurred by Sheridan for his seat of Stafford in 1784, the following item occurs:

248 Burgesses paid £5 5s.
each ... £1,302 0 0

Our next plate exhibits the Liberal leader and "Man of the People," C. J. Fox, in the supposed decay of his powers, addressing his old constituents of Westminster, at a dinner in honour of his election to that famous borough. "The Worn-out Patriot," with the familiar figure and black brows, supported by friends (proffering a brandy bottle), and with a foaming mug of "Whitbread's" porter before him, takes leave of his constituents in a moving speech: "Gentlemen . . . twenty years I've served you,



THE WORN OUT PATRIOT.



Political Amusements for Young Gentlemen. . . or, The Old Brentford Shuttlecock, between Old Sarum, & the Temple. of St. Stephen.

THE OLD BRENTFORD SHUTTLECOCK.

and always upon the same principles. I rejoiced at the success of our enemies . . . the War against the virtuous French Republic has always met with my most determined opposition! but the Infamous Ministry will not make Peace with our Enemies and are determined to keep Me out of the Councils." A body of sweeps, with marrow-bones and cleavers, applaud the address.

The year 1801 produced an excellent election satire on the return of the Rev. John Horne Tooke, for Lord Camelford's borough of Old Sarum. Tooke's admission, supported by Fox, was opposed on the ground of his being in Orders. Gillray promptly published the plate entitled "Political Amusements for Young Gentlemen; or, The Old Brentford Shuttlecock." Tooke's head appears as the shuttlecock (feathered with Deceit, New Morality, Envy, Jacobinism, and the like), with which Camelford and Temple (his opposer) are playing a lively game, before the door of "St. Stephen's School," the scholars whereof are in an uproar, Fox shouting, "The Church for ever." Horne Tooke again takes a prominent place in another plate, a crowded scene of the Middlesex Election of 1804. Here the popular candidate, Sir Francis Burdett, leader of the extreme Liberal section, soon to be known as "Radicals," sits in a huge barouche, the panels of which are inscribed "Peace," "Plenty," "Liberty." Horne Tooke is driver on the box, his pocket full of speeches. Fox, as a remarkably grimy and tattered sweep, assists other enthusiasts to drag the horseless

to Bonaparte." "Posting to the Election" is another spirited cartoon of the year, the mob of politicians and their followers there displayed including, in the crowd, the "Stout Orator



LITTLE PAULL ON HIS NEW GOOSE.

Broadface of Swallow Street," he of "the green coat," who fairly beat the wit of the Commons in his own province. In vain Sheridan tried humour, sarcasm, jokes, abuse of "hireling ruffians"; the popular wit constantly applied a tag from a then well-known comedy, "Who Suffers?"—"Sherry, I see you have got a new coat: Who suffers?" "Sherry, who suffers for that new hat?"—and Sheridan, whose pecuniary difficulties were only too well known, left the hustings discomfited. It is pleasant to add that the veteran orator and wit gained the election, despite the impudence of popular raillery. The fine "View of the Hustings in Covent Garden" shows Sheridan and Paull placed side by side, with their supporters. They are surrounded by a lusty-throated multitude shouting their views with the picturesque freedom of the period.

Shortly after this election the Ministry were compelled to resign, on their inopportune introduction of a Catholic Emancipation Bill, provoking Sheridan to observe that "He had often heard of people knocking out their brains against a wall, but never before knew of anyone building a wall expressly for the purpose." Horne Tooke, "the Parson," so frequent a figure in these scenes, was not without electioneering adroitness. A story is told of his reply to one of his



TOSsing LITTLE PAULL GOOSE.

opponents, a man of no very reputable character, who addressed him on the hustings with, "Well, Mr. Tooke, you will have all the blackguards with you to day." "I am delighted to hear it, sir," said Tooke, bowing, "and from such good authority."

The modern election is doubtless a vastly superior article, conducted with edifying external decorum, and a nice disapproval of ancient methods; but the joyous exuberance of John Bull in his earlier moods, his healthy taste for beer and cudgels, his full-voiced wit at the hustings, the boisterous humours of his canvassing, form at least a pleasing foil to the chill proprieties of the ballot-box. G. M. GODDEN.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE fortunes of a book depend upon two factors, one of which is the writer and the other his subject. Both are conspicuously present in the *Life of Lord Randolph Churchill*, written by his son, Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. (Macmillan).

At the present moment Mr. Winston Churchill occupies a position not unlike that which was held by his father. He is not personally popular, but even his adversaries do not deny him the possession of conspicuous ability. This is admirably displayed in the volume before us. He has written a biography without indiscretion, thanks perhaps to the fact that the revision of it was in the capable hands of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and has managed to paint an interesting portrait of that singular apparition in politics which Lord Randolph Churchill was. Mr. Winston Churchill possesses a literary skill that perhaps was inherited from his mother. Lord Randolph seems to have had very little interest in writing men; at any rate, we do not find in this book a single mention made of any of the illustrious authors who were his contemporaries, and his reading appears to have been small in bulk but thorough in



THE HUSTINGS, COVENT GARDEN.

character. Mr. Winston Churchill, however, taking for his text a verse from Goethe's "Mason Lodge," or rather Carlyle's paraphrase of it, "But heard are the Voices, Heard are the Sages, . . ."

makes no unworthy attempt to allot to Lord Randolph Churchill the place he ought to hold in national history. It is the record of a personality alone, for Lord Randolph Churchill has left behind him no monument beyond this: "He was a Chancellor of the Exchequer without a Budget, a Leader of the House of Commons but for a single session, a victor without the spoils"; and the record now put before us is one of promise rather than of performance. Lord Randolph Churchill's active career was crowded into the space of a single decade. It was full of mistakes and false steps, yet

he seemed ever to be stumbling forward in the right direction; and had he been gifted with a physique that would have enabled him to withstand the wear and tear of Parliamentary life, he might have been living yet, and in a position equal, at least, to that held by his quondam companion in the Fourth Party, Mr. Arthur James Balfour. As he was born on February 13th, 1849, at the present moment he would only have been, if he had lived, fifty-six years of age. His early years were not the most interesting of his life, except in so far as they indicated something of the nature of the man. He does not impress us as having been a very attentive scholar, and the communications that passed between him and the Marquess of Blandford, afterwards the Duke of Marlborough, might afford useful hints to the writer of a comic play. What he did love at school and college was hunting. At fifteen he owned two beagles, and two years afterwards was the possessor of "two or three hounds, kept in some pigsties at the back of the gardens, under the care of a somewhat ragged and disreputable 'Boy Jim,' whom he called his 'whipper-in,'" and of an old retired keeper—one of the Duke's pensioners—who, with his wife, discharged the duties of "feeder." But it was not till he went to Merton, in the autumn of 1867, that he aspired to a higher state and created, in all the serious purpose of nine couple of hounds and the pomp of "a whip well mounted and in livery," the celebrated "Blenheim Harriers."

Apropos of his hunting a capital story is told, which refers to Tom Duffield, the Master of the



CHAIRING THE MEMBER AT AN OLD ELECTION.



OLD ELECTION HUMOURS: CANVASSING.

Old Berkshire Hounds, and which shows that the boy is, indeed, the father of the man. Tom Duffield, like so many good sportsmen, was somewhat addicted to language not to be described exactly as Parliamentary :

One day, early in the winter of 1868, when Lord Randolph was nearly twenty years old, he had the misfortune to ride too close to the Old Berkshire Hounds, and to incur the displeasure of their Master, who rated him in a very violent fashion before the whole company. Lord Randolph was deeply offended. He went home at once; but, as he said nothing at the moment, the incident was for a while forgotten. Towards the end of the season, however, a hunt dinner was held in Oxford, to which Mr. Duffield and many of the Old Berkshire field were bidden, and at which Lord Randolph was called upon to propose the toast of "Fox-hunting." He described himself as an enthusiast for all forms of sport. Fox-hunting, he said, in his opinion ranked first among field sports; but he was himself very fond of hare-hunting too. "So keen am I that, if I cannot get fox-hunting and cannot get hare-hunting, I like an afternoon with a terrier hunting a rat in a barn; and if I can't get that," he proceeded, looking around with much deliberation, "rather than dawdle indoors, I'd go out with Tom Duffield and the Old Berkshire."

Besides being fond of outdoor sports, he was addicted to chess, and one of the games is given here which he played at Oxford against Mr. Steinitz, when the champion of the world was giving a blindfold exhibition. It would be impossible for us to follow step by step in the short space at our disposal and show how he lived in Ireland when his father was Lord Lieutenant, and there learnt to sympathise with the Irish people, and to acquire much of that knowledge which afterwards perplexed and amused the House of Commons. Nor is it necessary to go closely into his political career as member for Woodstock. It was in the Parliament of 1880 that the Fourth Party had its origin. It arose from the Bradlaugh incident, or, rather, series of incidents, that singular episode in Parliamentary history by which the most magnificent majority of modern times was led into internal warfare at the very beginning of his career. His associates, as need scarcely be said, included Sir Henry Wolff, whom Lord Randolph Churchill seems first to have met in 1879, and who is thus described :

Shrewd, suave, witty and imperturbable, versed in Parliamentary procedure, fertile in schemes, clever at managing people, a master of smoothly-turned sentences and plausible debating points, a ready speaker, an industrious politician, old enough to compel respectful treatment from the House, young enough to love fighting and manoeuvres for their own sake, Sir Henry Wolff was, at the beginning of 1880, just the kind of man to make a Ministry uncomfortable.

Along with him was Mr. Gorst, still with us, and Mr. A. J. Balfour, of whom Mr. Winston Churchill writes that in 1880 he "was an affable and rather idle young gentleman, who had delicately toyed with philosophy and diplomacy, was earnest in the cause of popular concerts, and brought to the House of Commons something of Lord Melbourne's air of languid and well-bred indifference. How he came at all to be drawn into that circle of fierce energy which radiated from Lord Randolph Churchill, was a puzzle to those who knew him best. In the early days of the Fourth Party no one—certainly not his comrades—regarded him as a serious politician." They were chiefly actuated by antagonism towards "the goat," as they designated Sir Stafford Northcote, who was afterwards to go into the House of Lords under the name of the Earl of Idlesleigh. The origin of the nickname is described as being a personal reference to his beard, but it became a general name for all "weak-kneed" Conservatives. In the session of 1880, as Lord Hartington told the House of Commons, "Mr. Gorst had spoken one hundred and five times, and had asked eighteen questions; that Sir Henry Wolff had made sixty-eight speeches, and had asked thirty-four questions; and that Lord Randolph Churchill had made seventy-four speeches, and had asked twenty-one questions." In this connection it is worth noting that Mr. Winston Churchill dates the deterioration of Parliament from the death of Mr. Gladstone. After that, he says, "it sank at once, perhaps for ever, in public esteem." Lord Beaconsfield, through the quiet atmosphere of the House of Lords, looked with tranquil and amused eyes on the proceedings of those young firebrands in the Commons, and the account of the manner in which they baited Mr. Gladstone and worried Sir Stafford Northcote makes the most amusing reading.

It is only possible for us to glance briefly at the events in Lord Randolph Churchill's life, and we can scarcely pause over the many letters and documents with which the passages are interlarded. Lord Randolph himself was a voluminous letter-writer, but no more so than Lord Salisbury, who sometimes wrote as many as four long letters in a single day to his subordinates. We quote Mr. Winston Churchill on the point :

Lord Salisbury was, like Lord Randolph Churchill, a prodigious letter-writer, and seems to have written no fewer than 110 letters to his lieutenant—many of them very long ones—all in his beautiful running handwriting, during the seven months of his first Ministry. How he ever found time to write so many to a single Minister is a marvel. Often three letters passed between them in a day. On July 25th, for instance, Lord Salisbury wrote four times to Lord Randolph on different subjects, all of considerable

importance. Two of these letters cover between them five separate pieces of closely-written note-paper.

No doubt these letters, if published, would form an interesting volume. The main point, and one that gives the cue to the *dénouement* of the story, is that Lord Randolph Churchill found no one with whom he could wholly work in accord. In the early days of his activity, he had formed a friendship with Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham; but even when Chamberlain came over to the Conservative side of the House a wide gulf continued to lie between him and the Leader of the Tory democracy; they could not work together, and, in the end, had to "agree to differ," if we may put a long story into this short phrase. Nor was he more in sympathy with Lord Salisbury, though, in many respects, these two men were alike, especially in a certain cynical, almost sardonic, way of writing and speaking about politics. But, as Mr. Winston Churchill shows in an eloquent passage, between the very modern "Randy" and the austere and stately Leader of the Conservative Party there was no real sympathy; they were bound to drift apart. Perhaps the rupture came sooner on account of Lord Randolph Churchill somewhat prematurely getting into the first rank of statesmen. If he had been chastened by a comparatively long apprenticeship in some junior office, he would have learnt something of that art of bearing and forbearing which is essential to the leadership of men. Yet it must be admitted that he filled the first high office to which he was called in a most efficient manner. At the India Office he won golden opinions from officials of all sorts, owing to the energy and interest with which he attacked the new task before him. Speaking to one of the Under-Secretaries, he said, on one occasion :

"I suppose you are going away for a holiday?" "Yes," was the reply. "I am going away for a week. What holiday are you going to take?" "I shall take none," he said; and then, with the air of one who is making a confession, "the fact is, you know, it is all very well for you, but I'm new to office; I enjoy it thoroughly, and I'm going to be kicked out very soon. So I mean to stay here and get as much of it as I can."

And this was the spirit in which he continued to act. Later on his Leadership of the House of Lords was to give very great pleasure to Queen Victoria, though no doubt she sometimes considered him a very unconventional occupant of that exalted post.

"I am particularly commanded," said Lord Idlesleigh, writing from Balmoral . . . "by the Queen to say that Her Majesty was greatly amused by the contents of your box last night. I suppose you won't understand this message without the gloss—there was a sprinkling of tobacco in it."

It would appear, however, that when at last Lord Randolph Churchill was made Chancellor of the Exchequer he somewhat lost his head. The question on which he resigned was that of economy. He wished to reduce the Estimates for the Army and Navy, and seems to have calculated that, so great was his individual strength in the country, that there would be nothing for Lord Salisbury to do but submit. To-day, after the history that has been made since the death of Lord Randolph Churchill, there is less likelihood than ever of any sympathy being felt with this attempt to retrench at the expense of the Services, and it is certain now that Lord Salisbury was building up a new Conservative Party far stronger than he knew. Lord Randolph "forgot Goschen," and when he threw the gauntlet down, had no friends or backing to help him. After a fortnight of negotiations of one kind and another, Mr. Goschen succeeded him, and made an excellent Chancellor of the Exchequer, while gradually those who had been steadily advancing along the ancient conventional ways rose to power and place in the Conservative Party, and Lord Randolph Churchill, the wild, unconventional free-lance, found himself stranded and left derelict; infirm health no doubt conducing towards the same end, but, as far as any practical result achieved, posterity may say of him, as Keats said of himself, "His fame is written in water." It is a pathetic story, this that Mr. Winston Churchill has unfolded, and we congratulate him on the ease, grace, and dignity with which he has discharged what must have been a very difficult task.

LITERARY NOTES.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS has published a book in prose which he calls *The New Rambler, from Desk to Platform* (Longmans); but we cannot say that we find a great deal to interest us in it, although he begins on a theme dear to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE—namely, the praise of gardens. The argument of it is that, when old age comes upon us, we return to Nature. As a specimen of his de-captive power, we might quote the following :

"But later still, when the pageant of summer is at its height, and the lavish gold of the buttercup and the white stars of the daisy have succeeded the primrose and the cowslip, one turns with something of relief to the orderly blooms and fruits of the garden. There are few more beautiful objects than the strawberry beds, whether white with flower or blushing with fruit, or the young-eyed pansies, the musky carnations, the snapdragons, stocks, or Canterbury bells, which have to be carefully cultivated



B. C. Wickson.

IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

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if they are to flourish at all. The scarlet hawthorns and lilacs of the shrubbery, the opulent pæonies, the creamy magnolias on the trellis, and hydrangeas on the lawn, the bowery masses of rhododendrons of every colour (except blue) against the azure sky of June, make up a sum of beauty not to be equalled by the delights of town, the glare of the assembly or the theatre, with their bright dresses and jewels, it is true, but also their dust and stifling atmosphere."

There are one or two other papers dealing with Nature and gardens, but the majority are concerned with criticism, art, and literature, subjects which the aged poet does not deal with so felicitously as might be desired.

The magazines always show signs of returning vigour in their January issues. The most striking article in the *Fortnightly Review* is "The End of the Age," by Count Leo Tolstoy. Those who know this writer can understand that he is raising the wail of the prophet when he foretells at this moment a revolution—which is, indeed, now going on. He lays the cause of it bare, and the following sentence, at least, contains a considerable amount of truth:

"The victory of the Japanese over the Russians has shown all the military States that military power is no longer in their hands, but has passed, or is soon bound to pass, into other un-Christian hands, since it is not difficult for other non-Christian nations, in Asia and Africa, being oppressed by Christians, to follow the example of Japan, and having assimilated the military technics of which we are so proud, not only to free themselves, but to wipe off all the Christian states from the face of the earth."

In the *Monthly Review*, "E." writes on "The Political Situation," while "Brains and Bridge" is the title of an article which follows, by Basil Tozer. The number is a very varied and interesting one.

Marjory Fleming has come to be a character in history well known to all of us. The first to publish anything about her was Mr. H. B. Farnie. Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and his Friends," said that that was the best book about a child that ever was written. In "The Dictionary of National Biography" Sir Leslie Stephen concludes the paragraph devoted to her with the words, "Pet Marjorie's life is probably the shortest to be recorded in these volumes, and she is one of the most charming characters." In the volume before us we have the second edition of the story of Pet Marjorie, with her journals by L. Macbean, and Dr. John Brown's Marjory Fleming. The publishers of the book are Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co. The "Bonnie Wee Croodlin' Doo" was born just a century ago in the "Jang town of Kircaldy," and she lived only nine years. Her people were in comfortable

circumstances, possessing a small property in the parish of Kirkmichael. Her mother, Isabella Rae, was the youngest daughter of an eminent Edinburgh surgeon. For the benefit of those of our readers (if there are any) who have not yet made the acquaintance of this delightful child, we quote some verses which she made at the mature age of six:

"EPHIBOL ON MY DEAR LOVE ISABELLA.

Here lies sweet Isabella in bed
With a nightcap on her head
Her skin is soft her face is fair
And she has very pretty hair
She and I in bed lies nice
And undisturbed by rats and mice
She is disgusted with Mr. Worgan
Though he plays upon the organ
A not of ribans on her head
Her cheek is tinged with conscious red
Her head it rests upon a pilly
And she is not so very silly
Her nails are neat, her teeth are white
Her eyes are very very bright
In a conspicuous town she lives
And to the poor her money gives
Here ends sweet Isabella's story
And may it be much to her glory."

Among the host of reference books which will in the course of the coming year be turned to again and again by perplexed sub-editors, to solve genealogical and other queries, "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage Illustrated, Revised by the Nobility," for 1906 (Messrs. Dean and Co.), is an invaluable stand-by, the accuracy of the information in which has been proved again and again during the past year. A still larger volume is "Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" (Messrs. Harrison, Pall Mall), prefaced by a Guide to Relative Precedence, which should be most useful to the givers and organisers of dinners and banquets; while "Walford's County Families of the United Kingdom" (Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co.), as its name implies, embraces everyone who is in his own village known as "the Squire." "Who's Who" (Messrs. A. and C. Black) will fill up any gaps in our knowledge of individuals who do not come under the classes treated of by the former books, and is as chatty and interesting as ever, and a little bulkier, as was only to be expected from the popularity of its previous issues.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP COURSES.—I. ST ANDREWS

By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

NEARLY twenty years ago, alas! Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Everard, Mr. Rutherford Clark, and myself were responsible for a series of articles in the old *Saturday Review* on the chief golf links of the day. Mr. Lang led off with St. Andrews, as was in every way proper; but as this first article was not from my own pen, but that of a far wiser scribe, I cannot compare that account with my own impression of St. Andrews course to-day as I can compare the accounts of the other championship and famous greens. There has been much change. Musselburgh has fallen out of the championship list altogether, its place being taken by Muirfield, and Sandwich has been admitted. In the Hoylake course there have been liberal alterations. Even those holes which have not been altered by the green-keeper have been changed in their conditions and problems for the golfer by the coming of the rubber-cored ball; and the comparison of old conditions with new is interesting.

The course of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews itself has lately been passing through a very burning fiery furnace of criticism. We all know what that links is now—how bunkers are being carved at the side of the straight and not very narrow course, so that we cannot go as blithely and scatheless on devious ways as we used to go; but what all of us do not sufficiently recognise is what St. Andrews used to be some twenty-five years ago, when the sides of the course which are now garnished by the occasional bunker used to be covered by the ubiquitous whin. The last state is far less parlous than the first, although it is true that there was an interval when errors suffered no penalties whatever, when it was possible to drive far and wide without being at all worse off than the laborious plodder who had painfully kept that middle course which the Latin proverb pronounces the safest. The Romans, however, did not know St. Andrews in the days between the old whins and the new bunkers. Now at last the bunkers have done something to make up for the loss of the whins, so that straight driving reaps a measure of its old reward.

At the first hole of all it is difficult to drive far enough off the correct line to find trouble; yet trouble is found by those who go to seek it, either on the seashore by a shot very badly sliced, or on the road before the houses, or down their areas, by a shot still more badly pulled. The second is the crucial shot of the hole, however, over the often-accursed burn; the practical length of this second shot will depend on the force and direction of the wind, but in these comments on the championship courses it is to be understood that an unusual calm prevails, and that the tees are in the customary places for the championship matches.

Granted that the first shot is not a miss, the second with a driving mashie shot may carry the burn guarding the green, and the hole be done in four. Again, let us make the proviso that in this analysis of holes a good scratch player, playing a good scratch game, is taken as the standard, and the ground is in its normal state, neither sloppy nor hard baked. With the second hole you come at once within touch of a new St. Andrews which is made far easier by the disappearance of whins. The hole is situated, with its guarding bunkers, on the left of the green. It is a two-shot hole; therefore, the farther you can put your tee shot to the right, the more you open the hole for the second shot. The nearer you hug the bunkers on the right which replace the vanished whins, the easier your second shot becomes; but it is a longer second than at the first hole—a five is not out of place, for the approach is very catchy and kicky, and if you do the first two holes in nine it is not amiss. The same argument holds for the third hole. If you pull, you are in one of the nostrils of that abominable cluster of little bunkers called the Principal's Nose; and this Principal has a nose with three nostrils, which is a freak. If you go too much to the right, you are in peril of the new bunkers; but here, again, if you keep as close to the bunkers as you can, you will open the hole for your iron shot home, for the chief bunker guarding the hole is to the left of the approach to the green. For the fourth hole almost an identical account suffices. Here, on the left of the absolutely precise line for the tee shot, is a bunker which I should like to see filled up. It is called Sutherland's bunker. Once it was filled, by the Green Committee; but, at dead of night, men who resented the meddling with a traditional feature stole out, full of enthusiasm and claret, from Strathtyrum House, then in the tenancy of Mr. John Blackwood, editor of the "*Old Ebony*" Magazine, and undid with spades all the work of the committee, so that on the morrow it appeared as if a miracle had been wrought. Hugging the right of the course with the tee shot, as closely as the bunkers allow, opens the hole better for the second, for here again the chief trouble is to the left of the green. The fifth is the long hole, occasionally with a favouring wind reached in two; more often to be played with a short club for the second stroke, putting the ball short of a long bunker in the side of the brae, some 120 yds. this side of the hole. There are bunkers for your drive to the sixth if you pull it at all, and again new bunkers cut in place of whins on the right; but a good first puts you within ironing range with the second, and a four should be scored. So far we have allowed you all fours, save two fives. An immense hill occurs just where your drive to the seventh, the High Hole, would go naturally, and to lie behind it is horrid. To right or left is

better, but the former, which whins used to make impossible, still gives a very narrow course, and the latter a longer and harder second to reach the green, which lies on high ground well guarded by a pot bunker in front and a long side bunker. Still a four is expected of you. The next is the Short Hole, within ironing range from the tee; but if you are to make safe of a three, as you should, the ball must be accurately played and dead pitched. The ninth hole has a bad feature—a small bunker in the middle of the course, which may catch a long tee shot. It is too small to be worth playing to avoid, and should be made much bigger or else removed altogether. The approach is simple, and unless the tee shot be mishit badly there is no other incident. We have thus brought you out in 37—a fine score. Homeward, the tenth hole is a drive and pitch, but the pitch is very difficult, because of a braise before the green, which is often very keen. For all that, a four should be scored. The next is the Short Hole Coming In, high placed, guarded by a pot bunker before, a long bunker for the left, and the Eden river-bed beyond. But in spite of all terrors you should be on the green in one and hole out in three, though many a promising medal score has been ruined at this dangerous spot. The drive to the twelfth has to be very well directed, either to right or left of some bunkers running lengthwise across the course, and then the green is within easy iron range, but it is hard to stop on, consisting only of a narrow isthmus-like neck, and a four is good work. Again, at the thirteenth you have choice of right or left routes to avoid bunkers, but here the second is a longer shot to the big green of the Hole O'Cross, and an aggregate of nine for this hole and the previous is good enough. Then comes the Long Hole Coming In, and it is as difficult as it is long, with little bunkers called Beardies on the left, and a wall to the right of the tee-shot line. The second should put you to the left of a bunker called, with rather superfluous profanity, Hell, for there are many other bunkers which cause worse pain and language; and the approach is to a green on a plateau with a steep bank facing you. It is a hole well played in five. At the fifteenth the aforesaid Sutherland bunker comes in again as rather a catchy hazard to a tee shot that is at all pulled, and to guard the hole for the second shot a new bunker has been cut in the face of the braise, just to the left of the direct approach to the hole. A four is the right figure here, but it requires good work to get it. The sixteenth tee shot is, perhaps, the hardest on the course. It has to go by the narrow way between the Principal's three nostrils and the railway, for if you boldly go to carry the nostrils there is still a rather unfair little bunker beyond. If all has gone well you are within iron shot of the green, but the approach is difficult owing to a slanting braise, which is apt to turn the ball aside, and a bunker close to the green on the left. Then comes the seventeenth—over the corner of the wall with the first shot, a second to the right of the green, opening up the hole, which is on a narrow green with a deep bunker on the left and the road on the right, both punishing hazards, so that a man is piously thankful if he gets down in five. The last is a hole of no great peril, unless the tee shot be topped into the burn or sliced into the areas of the houses on the right. The second should reach the green, and the hole be done in four.

So you are home in 38, making your total 75, which will almost certainly win you the medal. It leaves no margin at all for a gross error, or for evil fortune. It takes no account of the peculiar difficulty and feature of the course, namely, the subtlety required to negotiate the tricky approaches. There are no great carries from the tee on this greatest of all great courses; therefore to the uninitiated it looks easy; but to those who know and have tried it the task of returning a good score is recognised to be, perhaps, harder than on any other course. The putting greens are excellent. There is never-failing interest, and there is the joy of knowing that you are playing on ground that is sacred to all the finest traditions of the Royal and Ancient game. In my own humble judgment, though I speak as a mere Englishman, it is the best links in the world.

FROM THE FARMS.

FORESTRY.

THE well-known forestry expert, Dr. Schlich, has written a strong letter to *The Times*, pressing the reforestation of a great part of this country. He makes out, indeed, that in England over two million acres, and in Wales over one million acres, ought to be planted with trees, and he suggests that at a time when want of employment is so badly felt, it would be highly advisable to set those who are out of work to plant trees. This is rather mixing up two questions. The first point is to ascertain whether growing timber would be a profitable investment for an English landowner, and the answer has a double bearing. Firstly, there are not many who can afford to wait a long time for profits, and, in the second place, some assurance is required from Dr. Schlich, or some equally eminent authority, that the required quality of timber can be grown on the available land. He says

that in Yorkshire alone there are half a million acres, and in Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, and Westmorland nearly half a million acres, that could be devoted to forestry. If he refers to hill and moorland, we should like to have some proof that marketable trees could be grown on that land. On the better soil we cannot think that timber is the best possible crop. But the whole question requires more thorough examination than has yet been given it. It is easy to advocate, with more or less enthusiasm, the planting of timber; but so far the authorities have not gone into it from a thoroughly business point of view, and until that is done, it is not to be expected that their preaching will have much effect.

THE WEIGHT OF THE BUSHEL.

In a very thorough and useful lecture on grass and clover seed, which is now published, Professor H. S. Daine gives some advice about buying seeds that is well worthy of attention. He points out that, as everybody knows, the bushel is a measure of quantity, but buyers do not always remember that the weight is uncertain. One bushel of perennial rye grass may weigh only 14lb., and another one 28lb.; a bushel of cocksfoot may weigh from 6lb. to 20lb., and a bushel of meadow foxtail from 5lb. to 14lb., while a bushel of meadow fescue varies from 14lb. to 30lb. per bushel. The obvious deduction to be drawn from this is that in buying by the bushel, the purchaser should never fail to stipulate that the weight should not be below a certain minimum. As Professor Daine very truly says, the common-sense, business-like farmer requires the highest weight per bushel, and sees that he gets it. Professor Daine goes on to say that the weight per bushel is a very good guide to the percentage of germination.

SMALL HOLDINGS.

It is very evident that small holdings are to occupy a much greater space in public attention now that the Liberals have come into office, this being due, in a large measure, to the fact that the Minister for Agriculture is particularly interested in this subject. But it would be a mistake to rush too enthusiastically into the formation of small holdings. There are many people who speak as if the whole of England could be profitably cultivated in this manner, and the Salvation Army, which has had put into its possession unprecedented facilities for creating small holdings, will do well to take advice, because the small holding, excellently well as it may succeed on good heavy ground, will not do everywhere, and much of that cheap land which we may be sure will be offered to the Salvation Army in quantities is entirely unsuitable. It has always to be kept in mind that the success of the experiment will depend on the holders being able to make a livelihood for themselves; it would be impossible to think that any fund would run small holdings for ever on a philanthropic basis.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BEARING-REIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am very glad to see that "A Highland Lady" in your issue of the 16th ult. draws attention to the fact that the bearing and hane reins are seldom or never seen on horses in Scotland, and expresses her amazement that the use of them is so common in England. I have for years been endeavouring to persuade those who keep draught horses in this island to abandon these cruel and unnecessary reins—but, I regret, with only moderate success—always quoting what your correspondent says about Scotland. Would that her kind appeal may have a good effect. The agony imposed on carriage-horses in order to make them assume a smart position, the constant suffering of cart-horses, especially when toiling up hill with a full load, would, one would think, touch the hearts of all owners, particularly of those who pretend to love the animals that serve them so faithfully. Moreover, those who keep cart-horses never seem to realise the loss of power involved in the use of the hane-rein, preventing, as it does, the horse from throwing the whole weight of his body into the collar, which he can only do with a free head.—F. C. BLUNT (Colonel).

TO MAKE RIFLE-SHOOTING ATTRACTIVE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been interested, as many more are at this time interested, in the efforts and suggestions made for rendering rifle-shooting attractive, so that it may compete, in some measure at least, in the attention it excites among the people with such sports as football and cricket. If this could be accomplished there is little doubt (and indeed it is generally admitted) that the problem of our national defence would be in some useful degree advanced towards solution. The point to which I wish to draw the notice of your readers is this: All the suggestions seem to ignore the fact that for a sport to be attractive it must make an appeal to the imagination. The imagination is not appealed to at all by the rifle-shooting in common use—men lying on their stomachs aiming at a round bull's-eye on a square target. The suggestion which I desire to make, and to draw strong attention to, may sound a little fanciful at first—but all that has to do with the imagination is fanciful; and if a little thought be given to it I believe that most people will agree that it is a suggestion in the right direction. It is that the conditions of the ordinary rifle-shooting, and especially of the target, be changed. The rifle-shooting at schools is thought nothing of in comparison with the football and cricket.



LABOURERS' COTTAGES.

But how would it be if, instead of the ordinary target, with its vacant face and utter lack of appeal to a boy's fancy, the target was in the figure of a deer, or of a man—running—motionless, as you will? Instantly an appeal like that of Mayne Reid's stories is addressed to the boy's emotions. Instead of lying down, let the positions be varied, have competitions for standing shooting, for snap-shooting, and so on. The same arguments apply to the shooting of village rifle clubs. The reason that rifle-shooting is so neglected, or if taken up at all is by the majority considered an unattractive duty, is that it is so hideously dull. All elements of sport seem expressly excluded from it by its dry-as-dust conditions. That it need not be so, that the kind of target or mark offered really does make a great difference, is sufficiently shown by the eagerness with which people, of all ages and conditions, would flock to shoot at any of the toy galleries (at places like the now happily deceased Westminster Aquarium, and so on) where moving rabbit-targets and the like were the mark. The round target with its bull's-eye and outers had no attractions at all in comparison. A toy shooting gallery of the kind would be hailed as a perfect god-send to relieve the tedium of an ordinary garden party. I offer even this as a suggestion to help in the good work of making rifle-shooting a little less dull. I have no doubt that it will be said that boys and ignorant village rifle-shots would make very wild shooting at the running man or deer, shooting so wild as to be dangerous. This only means that there would be a little more difficulty in finding a place where the shooting could be done safely. I know there must be difficulties—we all know it—but this is not an insuperable difficulty. Similarly the miniature ranges might be made more attractive by the general use of a moving target. I know these suggestions have been carried out here and there—that the shooting of all rifle clubs is not confined, or practically confined, to the ordinary dull target, but only exceptionally. The rule of dullness prevails. I may be quite wrong, but it is my firm conviction that if you gave the village rifleman a stag or a man target to shoot at, with a bull's-eye mark on the vital part, you would immediately have three or four members for your present one, and if you can once make the rifle-shooting popular, can once produce a fashion in it, the trouble is overcome.—HORACE HUTCHINSON.

COTTAGES IN PARKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."] SIR,—How great an ornament a labourer's cottage can be in a park, the accompanying photographs, I think, conclusively show. These particular cottages in Stratton Park were ones which the late Lord Northbrook used to point to with especial pride as models for anyone who is desirous of providing comfortable homes for people on an estate, and—and this is a great point—within easy reach of their work. Certainly nothing could be more in

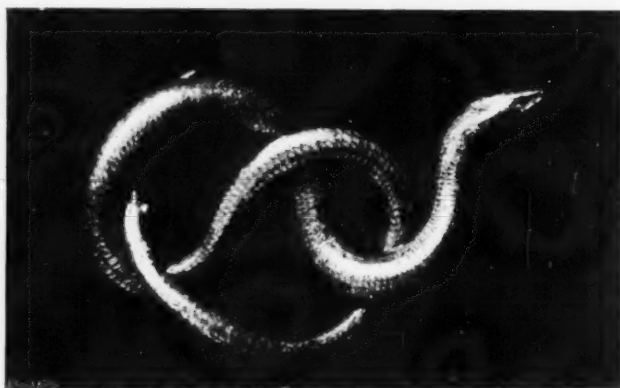
keeping with the beauty of a Hampshire park than the creeper-covered double cottage, with its wide eaves and russet thatch, and there is no roof covering to compare with this last, either for warmth in winter, or protection from the summer's heat. Real reed is getting harder and harder to obtain in these days of threshing machines, but it is well worth the trouble to have a certain amount threshed with the flail during the winter months, and the job can be done in the barn during wet or snowy weather, when all other work is at a standstill.—H. P.

A SLOW-WORM PRESERVED BY ANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At the first glance the figure in the enclosed photograph might have been thought to be some ancient brooch made by early Celtic artificers who delighted in knotwork; but on looking more closely it will be seen to be a slow-worm, or blind-worm, as it is often erroneously called. These worms have been seen when in captivity to form their lithe bodies into graceful knots, but only for a moment. Why then did this retain the form? It was picked up, and found to be dead and rigid, and the curious fact was noted that it had been hollowed out, and perfectly embalmed by a neighbouring nest of ants. A small oval hole in the body, which cannot be seen in the illustration, showed where the ants had entered, and left it a dry, glossy shell.

The schoolboy who has a passion for collecting small skulls often employs these busy little scavengers by burying his treasures in their hills, and attempts have been made, but less successfully, to make them clear out the contents of birds' eggs too far incubated to blow; but that they should involuntarily preserve a slow-worm was something quite fresh. It does not seem possible that they could have killed it, although there is no sign of outward injury,



THE SHELL OF THE SLOW-WORM.

—M. R.

WOODCOCKS FIGHTING.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I read with interest the account of the fight between two woodcocks related by Colonel Gordon in your issue of December 23rd. It would interest myself, and no doubt many more of your readers, if Colonel Gordon would tell us precisely in what manner these birds fought. He says: "One

had hold of the other"; but he does not tell us how the one held the other. One would imagine that the bill of the woodcock would be of little use as a fighting power; rather one would think it would use its feet, or its wings, for bulleting, as does the goose or the duck. Your correspondent may be able to throw further light on this interesting incident.—CHARLES F. HENDERSON, Flax Bourton, Somerset.



IN STRATTON PARK.